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THE SUDDENNESS with which Mr. Hoover appointed Walter S. Gifford as federal unemployment administrator and a body of well-known men as advisers to deal with the unemployment problem in the coming winter is the clearest proof that his hand was forced by the increasing demand for a dole. Indeed, so great was the President's haste that he actually announced the appointment as one of the advisers to dazzle the country of a Mr. A. O. Smith, of Milwaukee, who has been dead these several years. So far as Mr. Gifford is concerned, no better appointment could have been made from the point of view of executive ability. If any one can tide the country over next winter without federal appropriations, Mr. Gifford probably can. We wish him heartily well, though we frankly do not believe his problem is capable of a wholly satisfactory solution and we are quite opposed to private charity being asked to assume what is the plain duty of the State. We need hardly tell our readers again that we are in accord with Governor Pinchot's demand for an extra session. He reports that experts have discovered in Pennsylvania more than 900,000 unemployed. "Distress," he declares, "in many counties is acute. Many children are suffering from partial starvation. . . . The hospitals are overburdened. . . ." Can Mr. Gifford alleviate conditions like these?

WE KNEW IT! We *knew* that the destroy-to-prosper campaign would go by leaps and bounds, and Governor Huey Long of Louisiana was the one to take the very next logical step. He called a conference at New Orleans of the leading officials of the cotton-growing States to create prosperity throughout the South by passing laws forbidding the growing of a single pound of cotton in 1932. There you have it—solve the problem of over-consumption by cutting it all out. A moratorium for European debts? Well, a holiday for cotton-growers, too. And how they would enjoy it! What a picture it suggests of all the white-goateed cotton planters sitting back for a twelve-month in perfect rest and desuetude and all their labor, too, living richly on the proceeds of their financial gains of 1931. Gains of 1931? Yes, most assuredly. Dr., beg pardon, Governor Long says so, declaring that there would be "a complete return to prosperity in the South in two weeks." "The farmers," he insists, "will get more money from this year's crop alone than they will get for this and the next two cotton crops they raise," (without his law). The grounds for his judgment? The very best. He quotes the Bible itself: "The Lord told us to lay off raising these crops one year out of every seven to let the people have time to consume them." Great is the Governor of Louisiana. Alas, his counsel fell on deaf ears. His conference did nothing.

BUT WHILE AWAITING Long's millenium we are confronted with more practical and pressing problems. There is the Farm Board's wheat surplus to consider. Some of this is going to Brazil in exchange for coffee; another portion may be sent to the Chinese famine and flood victims. We are happy to note that the Board is no longer worrying about the insecure credit position of the Chinese Nationalist government, and is now prepared to sell China 15,000,000 bushels of its wheat. To have hesitated, while millions of Chinese were starving, because Nanking might not have been able to repay us, would have been sheer nonsense. We fed the war victims in Belgium and the famine victims of Russia without asking to see the books of their governments or have our money back. We could well afford to be similarly generous to the Chinese and give them as much of our surplus wheat as they need. This would not be a mere act of charity—we should also be helping ourselves. Storage and other charges on surplus grain held by the Farm Board threaten in time to exceed the original price paid for the grain, and by giving the wheat to China we should be relieved of this burden. Moreover, our charity would not constitute competition with the current crop, and the American farmer would benefit by the removal of a surplus the existence of which has so largely depressed grain prices.

IT SEEMS THAT THE LOUDER the Republicans shout their praises of the tariff the worse our foreign trade becomes. Exports in July totaled only $183,000,000, which was the lowest figure reached for any month since September, 1924, when exports dropped in value to $156,100,000. Imports did a little better in July as compared

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with June, increasing in value by $1,327,000, but this slight gain was not significant because June imports were at the lowest since September, 1921. The figures for the second quarter of 1931, just issued by the Department of Commerce, tell the story even more clearly. In the period from April to June the value of exports amounted to $606,000,000, and that of imports to $540,000,000. This was not only below the preceding quarter and far below the same quarter of last year, when these figures totaled $946,000,000, and $843,000,000 respectively, but they represent the lowest point reached in the value of our foreign trade since before 1921. Beginning with this week's issue, *The Nation* is presenting a series of authoritative articles on free trade, which in large measure will analyze the fallacious arguments of the high-tariff advocates. The articles are presented, not in any hope of converting the Republicans, for that is plainly impossible, but in the belief that they will reveal to the public the untenability of the Protection position wherever it is held, and will show how considerable is the responsibility of tariffs for the world's economic collapse.

HUNGER AGAIN HAS BEATEN the miners. Reports from the coal fields of West Virgina, Pennsylvania and Ohio say that the strike has been broken. Frank Keeney's strike committee in West Virginia will seek to carry on a while longer, concentrating on a few mines where conditions have been the worst. The workers in the other towns have been ordered back to their jobs. In western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio the National Miners' Union is following somewhat the same procedure. In that area 75 per cent of the 40,000 strikers have returned to the pits. This does not mean that the struggle of the miners for existence has ended. The wages being paid are still at a starvation level; suffering and privation are still to be observed in every mining camp; the need for relief is still as great as it ever was. The breaking of the strike means simply that the miners and the mine unions are completely helpless. They cannot by their own efforts change the economic conditions which have reduced the bituminous industry to chaos. The operators refuse to act. Only the government can help, and until it intervenes hunger or dire want must remain the daily lot of most of the miners and their families.

AT LAST the "undesirable" alien has been cleared of most of the blame for our widespread crime which we have been thoughtlessly and all too eagerly dumping upon him. An inquiry into the facts has revealed that the foreign-born residents "commit considerably fewer crimes than the native-born." So states the Wickersham Commission in the last of its many reports. The aliens, the report continues, "approach the record of the native-born most closely in the commission of crimes involving personal violence," but "in crimes for gain the native-born greatly exceed the foreign-born." Thus is wiped out one of our most cherished national myths. If we cannot blame the foreigners for our shortcomings, who then are we to blame but ourselves? Dr. Edith Abbott of the University of Chicago, who conducted the factual survey, sees it precisely in that light. The myth was largely based, she said, upon "our ready acceptance of the easy theory that our social difficulties are not to be charged to our own mistakes and failures. It is easier to charge our crime record against immigrants than against an inefficient and corrupt system of police and an outworn system of criminal justice."

THE WIGGIN COMMITTEE accomplished two things: it worked out an arrangement by which Germany's short-term banking debts will remain "frozen" for six months — thus providing a breathing space for Germany in its private obligations, to supplement the year's breathing space in reparations payments—and it has had the courage to point out that neither of these postponements is likely to prove of the slightest value unless "all the governments concerned . . . lose no time in taking the necessary measures" for insuring Germany's solvency. The committee, it is true, does not say directly that reparations are excessive and must be reduced, but the calm and inexorable logic with which it states the financial situation is perhaps even more impressive than such a direct statement would have been. The committee points out first, that "until the situation in Germany improves there can be no general recovery"; secondly, that it is absolutely essential that Germany obtain long-term credits, if only to convert part of its unmanageable volume of short-term credits; thirdly, that such long-term credits can not be obtained without the confidence of investors; fourthly, that this confidence will not exist "so long as [Germany's] obligations, both public and private, are such as to involve . . . a continuous increase in snowball fashion of the foreign debt of Germany." That this report received the signatures of the French and Belgian bankers represented is significant and encouraging. But the element of time is a vital one: the bankers of ten countries have not merely said in effect that Germany's indemnity must be radically reduced, but they have hinted this must happen before the present creditors' agreement expires in February.

OUTWARDLY CALM, Germany nevertheless remains in a precarious position. Unemployment is growing again, the number of jobless having increased 114,000 in the first half of August to 4,104,000. Ambassador von Prittwitz has forecast a total of 7,000,000 unemployed by winter, adding that "the country will not be able to support so large a number." The same view is expressed in reports directly from Berlin, which say that "the number of jobless will jump greatly in September and October." July tax receipts fell $44,000,000 below the budgetary estimate. It is now forecast that despite the reparations moratorium and the desperate efforts of the Brüning government to economize and to find new sources of revenue Germany will by the end of the current fiscal year next April face a deficit of $252,000,000. On top of this comes the disheartening prediction from the *Institut für Konjunturforschung* that "the credit crisis will soon react unfavorably on industry." Meanwhile the Berlin government is doing what it can to relieve the situation. Its latest move consists of an attempt to compel the states and communes to reform their finances and balance their budgets. Unfortunately, this move is meeting stiff resistance from the municipalities, whose own revenues have been falling off.

INDICATIVE OF THE IMPORTANT changes Europe is undergoing is the resignation of Count Stephan Bethlen from the premiership of Hungary. For ten years, while in other countries leading statesmen were rising and

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falling, sometimes with amazing rapidity, Bethlen had stood fast at the head of the Hungarian government. He rose into power with the reaction to Bela Kun's dictatorship, had outridden the many post-war storms of his own country and of Europe, had had himself upon occasion to resort to dictatorial measures, only to fall at last. Coming so soon after Hungary had obtained a much-needed loan of $25,000,000 from a European syndicate headed by French bankers, it is suggested that his resignation is in some way connected with the loan. Many commentators have asserted that the French made his resignation a condition of the loan. Whether or not this is true, France will benefit by the change. Bethlen was frankly Italian-minded; his successor, Count Julius Karolyi, leans heavily toward France. The terms of the Hungarian loan are being closely guarded, but its political conditions are said to be so drastic their publication might cause a serious political upheaval in Hungary. Among other things, Budapest is rumored to have agreed to drop its decade-old campaign for treaty revision, the keystone of Bethlen's foreign policy. If this be so, France has won a temporary victory in its dangerously fanatical struggle to preserve the status quo of Europe.

WE CONGRATULATE Dr. Linus Pauling, who is only thirty years of age, upon his winning of the Langmuir Award. This prize, recently founded by Dr. A. C. Langmuir, an industrial chemist of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, is bestowed annually "in recognition of the accomplishment, in America, of outstanding chemical research by a young man or woman preferably working in a college or university." The donor intended it as an expression of the gratitude of industry for the valuable contributions it has received from the young scientists of the country. Dr. Pauling is professor of chemistry at the California Institute of Technology. He has already written more than two score papers dealing with his special subjects, crystal structure, the quantum theory of gases, atomic and molecular structures, and the nature of chemical bonds, which have attracted widespread attention. In selecting him to be the first person to receive the Langmuir Award, the jury of the American Chemical Society paid high tribute to his ability. One of its members described Dr. Pauling as a "rising star, who may yet win the Nobel Prize." The young California chemist has the greater part of his life before him. May he prove a worthy successor to Dr. T. W. Richards, Professor A. A. Michelson, and the other great American scientists who have recently left this mundane sphere.

"IN BARRING A SCENE showing an infant at its mother's breast, the Board ruled that the breasts of civilized women may not be shown." Yes, thus the New York State Board of Motion Picture Censors, at work on August 5, 1931. The representation of a civilized mother in the act of nourishing her child is either so degrading, or so immoral, or so conducive to immorality, that it must not be shown to the gaze of the twelve million people who live in the Empire State! Could anything be more characteristic of censorship stupidity? Or illustrate more clearly how little we have really progressed from the smug hypocrisy of the Victorian age? A naked savage woman's breasts, be she African or South Sea Islander, can now be safely and legally revealed. But an American mother's—Heaven forbid! Her civilization, it appears, has made out of one of the most touching and beautiful human relationships something to be hidden as base, unworthy, disgusting. Yes, this in a city where naked women can be seen daily on the stage—with their breasts well emphasized to lure the crowds; in a city where one can buy on every newsstand "art" magazines filled only with nude pictures, breasts and all; where people freely advertise the sale of pornographic pictures. But what's the use? The Anglo-Saxon must, we suppose, remain a dirty-minded hypocrite. So henceforth no screen representation of a mother nursing her child can appear in New York, not even in a scientific film dealing with the story of human life and its evolution.

PERHAPS THE MOST OMINOUS SIGN of the low estate to which the Presidency has fallen comes from Chicago. The President will not even be used to start the machinery at the Century of Progress Exposition there in 1933. The switch will be thrown on this time by the giant star Arcturus. A beam of light coming from there will be directed into a photometer, turned into power, amplified, and used to throw switches in the Hall of Science. Someone, figuring that Arcturus is forty light-years away, has argued that the idea is a very happy one, for the light that will come from there will have started on its journey in 1893, during the World's Columbian Exposition. None the less, whatever the excuse offered for the plan, it can only be regarded in the White House with the gravest misgivings. For the idea may spread. Soon it will be the light from Arcturus that will be used to throw in the first baseball at the beginning of the season, and then, beyond doubt, will come the "Arcturus for President" movement.

SURELY NO BRAVER and finer American woman than Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, who died in Washington on August 18 the widow of a great Senator, the mother of both a Senator and a Governor of a great State, has graced our political life. More than thrice blessed was she for she had daughters, too, to do her honor. But always she preferred to keep herself in the background—the task of succeeding her husband and the opportunity of being the first woman Senator in Washington by election was offered to her before she waived her chance in favor of her son. It is a characteristic American story of simple beginnings in her married life and of a remarkably happy copartnership in which she was always the intellectual ally and aid of her steadily mounting husband. In days of prosperity and adversity her spirit remained untarnished and unafraid. When the wickedly unjust storm of criticism and abuse burst over her noble-spirited husband in 1917 because he had the courage, the patriotism, the loyalty to our institutions to oppose the criminal folly of our entering the World War, she remained calm and serene, justly certain that sound American public opinion would assert itself again. So she lived to see nearly 5,000,000 Americans vote for her "traitor" husband for the Presidency; lived to see his statue unveiled in the Hall of Statuary in Washington the gift of his State; and to experience what perhaps has come to no other American mother: both her sons exalted to high office by the repentant State which a few years before had burned their father in effigy.

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The End of the Labor Government

THAT is what the news from London means—the second MacDonald ministry is definitely at an end. If in the new "national" coalition ministry, which takes its place, Ramsay MacDonald still presides, no one in London seems to believe that this is for more than a few weeks. Whether there will then be a general election, or the Tories will take hold, time will show. The event means, however, far more than the exposure of the deep rift in the Cabinet and Labor Party over the radical measures proposed to balance the British budget, and the question of free trade and protection. It reveals to the whole world the gravity of the British crisis. Never before in time of peace has there been such a coalition of "all the talents." Never in recent history has British finance been in so precarious a situation. How to cut $600,000,000 out of the budget is the problem. The Conservatives and some of the Cabinet demanded a ten per cent cut in the dole and the trade unions opposed. Between the two the collapse of the Labor Government was inevitable even had there been no other points at issue.

What the next days will bring forth no one knows. The alarmingly fast disappearance of the $250,000,000 credit allowed to Great Britain by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Bank of France, tells its own story. But the anxiety of the hour should blind no one to the truth that the fall of the MacDonald Government is a misfortune not alone for Great Britain, but for the whole world. Whatever its shortcomings — and there have been many — the MacDonald Government has achieved extraordinary things in the conduct of foreign affairs. Its viewpoint is precisely what the world has immensely needed in this crisis. That is no rhetorical exaggeration, but an exact statement of fact. One has only to realize what an immeasurable boon it would be to mankind if a government with the policies and principles of the MacDonald Cabinet were to take office in France. That would mean the assumption of power there by men of an international point of view, keenly alive to the social and moral responsibility of each government for the welfare of the whole group of nations; bent, with whole soul, upon disarmament and the abolition of war, and determined to build a far better and juster order of society than that which plunged the world into the catastrophe of August, 1914.

No one can adequately measure the benefit which every civilized nation has derived from the leadership of MacDonald, Henderson, and Snowden. We believe those to be utterly wrong who think that had the Conservatives or Liberals been in power this crisis might not have occurred. When one thinks of the mischief Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, and Stanley Baldwin, with their extreme nationalist beliefs and policies, could have done during the past two years in Europe and in Asia, we have one measure of the worth of MacDonald and his associates. Indeed, one's heart sinks at the prospect that the coming Indian Conference and the Conference for Disarmament in Geneva next February may be guided by Tory imperialists; that in place of the gracious and winning MacDonald there may be found one as limited in vision, and dull in expression and tame in leadership as Stanley Baldwin. He must be bold, indeed, who would assert that in the present financial situation a Conservative Government would have done better than MacDonald. He has been scrupulous in consulting the leaders of the other parties in every crisis. He has taken the very best advice to be had on the financial side. The gravity of the situation is such as to challenge anybody and everybody and make it necessary that all people in England who can help should get together to find the way out. If a national coalition government can do this it will be eminently justified. It is unnecessary and idle to seek to apportion the blame for the crisis. The fact is that the fate of England does not lie in its own hands. It is intimately tied up with that of Germany, and of other Continental countries. If Germany falls economically it may be impossible to tide England over. Yet how is it possible to go on extending credits indefinitely? England must set its house in order, and there must also be a revision of all the international debts and reparations. It is the eleventh hour, and it is time for statesmen everywhere, and especially in Washington and Paris, to take notice.

We are not under any illusion as to the disappointing record of the MacDonald Government in domestic affairs, and have frequently been tempted to speak out about it more emphatically than we have done. It is undeniable that Mr. MacDonald has alienated the younger men and women of his party; that he has grown steadily more conservative as the months of his holding the premiership have heaped up. There are few radical measures to be laid to the credit of what was to have been a most radical government. MacDonald himself has drifted so far from the radical views of the Independent Labor Party, of which he was for many years happy to be the head, that he resigned from it a year or so ago and repudiated it with contumely. His Cabinet has been weak at a number of places. It has not only not achieved the promised reduction of unemployment; it has had to see the roll of unemployed, which it swore to reduce as soon as elected, increased by a million more unfortunates. Yet granting all this, were we Englishmen and members of the Labor Party, we should say frankly that we considered the achievements of the MacDonald Government in foreign affairs vastly more important than its failures at home, indeed of such transcending importance as to reflect the greatest credit upon MacDonald and his associates. It is an open question, however, whether the logic of events which compelled MacDonald to follow his bent in devoting himself primarily to international matters, will not now result in a cleavage of the Labor Party to make its return to power impossible for years to come. It is quite possible that MacDonald will never again be Prime Minister for the Labor Party; that his career as leader of England will cease with the life of the new national government. None the less, we believe that his administration will go down in history as one of the greatest of British governments, one that nobly did its uttermost to hold the world together and to lead the way out of the morass in which every nation is today mired. Its place is secure on the scroll of fame.

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Bayonets Control Oil

THE recent spectacular action of the governors of Oklahoma and Texas in calling out the troops to curb the production of oil in their respective States represents simply an eleventh-hour move, under pressure of a demoralized market, to control a situation that should have been taken under governmental control years ago. As a people we have been wasting all our natural resources flagrantly, but no other waste has been quite so flagrant as that in the oil fields.

In dealing with the problem of petroleum it is important to recognize just how special the problem is. What has first to be recognized is that the action of Texas in restricting oil production and of Oklahoma in shutting down oil production temporarily can in no real sense be compared, for example, with the recent proposal of the Farm Board that the cotton planters plow under every third row of cotton. Both, it is true, aimed at raising the price of a commodity by reducing the supply. But the Farm Board wanted to achieve this by an actual destruction of already created wealth, while Texas and Oklahoma are in no strict sense even curtailing "production." The oil already exists; it is merely underground. What the two Southwestern States are really attempting to do is not to curtail "production," but to stabilize extraction. Unrestricted competition becomes ruinous in the oil fields wherever many competing companies have sunk wells in one "pool." The situation is then precisely analogous to that when several youngsters each have a straw in one ice-cream soda. No matter how necessary the conservation of oil may be, no matter how demoralized the oil market may be at any time, each company must maintain a maximum extraction, for if it relaxes, or chokes the flow, its rivals will draw its oil away from it. The result is that every field is exploited to the utmost; as soon as a new field is brought in, the market is flooded with oil, the price collapses, and low price produces an extravagant wastefulness in use.

In view of all this there has been a great deal of agitation, not all of it, one fears, disinterested, for the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. What is happening in oil, we are told, is merely an example of what happens under a regime of competition; and it is obvious that our first duty is to abolish the law that seeks to maintain that regime. This contention becomes considerably less plausible when we examine the subject more closely, and recognize what problems are special as well as what problems are general in the oil industry. Within the last fortnight, for example, it was announced that five major oil companies, with total assets in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000, had agreed on terms of consolidation. Yet if this merger is consummated, it is doubtful whether it will reduce the production of oil to any extent worth talking about. There will be conservation of oil only in those fields, if any, in which any two or more of the merging companies have been extracting oil from the same pool in competition with each other, though not in competition with any other large drillers. The new combination, however, will have to be watched just as closely as any other combination of equal size in any other industry for the fairness of its marketing methods, its business practices in competition with independent companies, and its relations with the consuming public. Monopoly of marketing, unless accompanied by strict government regulation of prices, is not to be tolerated. And as the market for oil is a world market, as much subject to foreign production and policies as wheat, such government regulation of prices is not at present practicable.

It is also important to recognize that even for companies operating in the same geographical "pool," what is called for is not a mere *permission* to the oil companies to prorate their production among them, but a governmental *compulsion* upon them to do so. Oklahoma and Texas have made a belated beginning. The plan put into effect in Oklahoma, of course, is tolerable only as a temporary measure: the wells were shut down completely by Governor Murray's arbitrary decision, and they were to be kept shut down until oil returned to an arbitrarily set price of $1 a barrel. In Texas the extraction of oil is prorated according to the decisions of the State's Railroad Commission. As the great bulk of recent oil production has come from the East Texas fields, the new Texas law has already had an important effect on oil prices. But a better system of administration than that provided through armed troops must soon be worked out. Meanwhile the other great oil-producing States, of which the two most important are California and Kansas, continue with production unrestricted. With our constitutional obstacles in the way of Federal regulation of output, we must place our immediate hope for a rationalized and orderly oil production in a larger measure of cooperation among the States.

The Papacy Wanes

WE wonder if those timid Protestant souls who in 1928 believed that the election of Al Smith would mean the installation of the Pope in the White House are taking note of what is going on in the world. If so they ought to be cheered by the news which comes from various directions. For it indicates very clearly that the power of the Papacy is waning and with it that of the Roman Catholic Church itself. What else could have been expected? Could any one believe that a church which still believes in miracles and the superhuman could remain unaffected in a wholly changing world which has seen more than one apparently safely anchored institution swept from its moorings? Or that in an age when the world saw millions slaughtered in a needless, an utterly brutal war and men's faith died within them, any one church could emerge untainted from the catastrophe which besmirched them all?

But we are less concerned for the moment with the wholesale turning away from all churches than with what is happening to the Vatican. Slowly and surely the Roman Catholic Church's great hold upon one country after another is being broken. The collapse of the great Hapsburg Empire broke up its tremendously dominating influence in Vienna. If the church is still powerful there, it naturally suffered profoundly when the empire disappeared, its component parts were distributed by the infamous peace treaties and the whole relationship between Church and State was smashed. Similarly in Mexico it has sustained a dreadful

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blow. Even though a peace has been patched up, it can never regain its lost prestige or influence—only last week two churches were burned there. No such edifice can pass through a revolution anywhere and not be affected.

Then there is Spain. While the die is not yet cast, it looks as if there would not only be entire separation of Church and State but as if there would be complete expropriation of church property. The mood of the people is evident from the fact that the needless and stupid vandalism and arson of the mob, which destroyed so wantonly, have not sent those shudders of horror throughout Spain that the clerics hoped and expected. Here Rome has only itself to blame. Farsighted statesmen and observers have long been certain that the kingdom would fall; the doubt was only as to when and how. But the church neither put its house in order, nor reduced the number of the clergy and the monks, nor gave up those extra legal privileges which for so long had exempted the clergy from responsibility for certain criminal acts. It is, however, probably too much to expect any church, whether Protestant or Catholic, to lead the way to revolution.

Then there is the Pope himself. We are firmly of the belief that the signing of the peace with Mussolini was a great tactical mistake. The Pope driving out into Rome in his beautiful and costly motor car is by no means as mysterious or impressive a person as the "prisoner of the Vatican." The fiction that he was god-like, exalted, and apart could then be maintained. Then it was easier to visualize him as the Vicar of God. But a Pope who on occasion drives forth and, yes, who speaks over the radio just like any ordinary celebrity such as a well-known American mayor travelling abroad—why that Pope can never again be as august and awe-inspiring as before he lectured to the world just before—or was it soon after?—Amos an' Andy entertained their millions. The role of the martyr, resignedly and bravely bearing his spiritual burdens and the imprisonment of his body, is the finer and more inspiring.

Finally, there is the present conflict of Rome with Mussolini. We have no knowledge as to what is really behind it all, how deeply it cuts, nor where the burden of the blame rests, nor how it will end. We only know that every such conflict tarnishes the belief that the Vatican is the seat of all wisdom and a partaker in that of the Almighty. We are impressed, too, with the comparative quiet with which Catholics and their press in this country have taken the news of this strife, and of the vandalism and the threat of the Church's disintegration in Spain. We seem to recall no swelling, resounding protests; no passionate processions through our streets bespeaking the intercession of high Heaven, no magnificent mass-meetings in Carnegie Hall or elsewhere to ask that lightnings destroy the idolators and heretics in Spain, once the home of the all-terrifying Inquisition. Is there a growing lukewarmness among Catholics here in America? It seems incredible; yet we heard but the other day a Catholic in our own profession calmly assert that now the Kaiser has gone only the Pope pretends to be the mouthpiece of God. The Pope, he averred, should profit by the Kaiser's fate and abandon all pretence of Divine Right. Strangely enough the Heavens did not fall upon this apostate. If there are regular churchgoers to speak thus now, what will be the attitude of their children and grandchildren toward the church in this most godless of ages?

The Losing Iron Horse

SCORE another dramatic victory for the internal combustion engine. The Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a certificate "of public convenience and necessity" authorizing the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to abandon its Honesdale Branch of some ten or more miles. On its face the announcement appears uninteresting; are not interurban lines going down every day? Is not the motor bus jeopardizing the existence of every trolley line in America? But when one studies this news-item a little more carefully, its significance leaps out. For this Honesdale Branch is nothing less than the pioneer steam engine railroad of the United States, opened to traffic in 1829 with the "Stourbridge Lion," an engine imported from England to haul the new "stone coals" (i. e. anthracite) from the Carbondale mines to where they could go by canal to Philadelphia and New York.

Two brothers, William and Maurice Wurtz, are credited with this extraordinary transport innovation. They had long heard from Indians that stone coal really would burn, so they built the first road to be used, on the suggestion of one John B. Jarvis, by that new-fangled and highly dangerous invention, the British steam locomotive. Others had built tramways for horses and mules and gravity roads, but it was the Stourbridge Lion, imported direct from England, which inaugurated the line on August 8, 1829—it ended exactly 102 years later. Like an old inn abandoned when the stage-coaches disappeared, the Honesdale Branch had fallen into lamentable decay, passing long since beyond the stage of shabby gentility. It no longer had any stone coals to transport; its passenger traffic had all but disappeared thanks to the motor bus and the private motor; the schedule dwindled to nothing. So it passed—the premier steam railway of America with almost none to sing its requiem.

Who can read of this without a shock? In 1905 the railroads were still masters of the situation. The new-fangled self-propelled wagon was a pretty toy for the rich to spend hours in going from one town to another over incredible roads in unbearable dust. A threat? To no one. Did one not spend as much time under the car as in it? Yet here a good quarter of a century later—the steam Iron Horse trembles indeed. Some of his employers declare that every mile of cement road helps to dig his grave. Electrical experts declare that coal as fuel must go; the Pennsylvania will soon use none between New York and Washington. Others assert that it is the same despised private motor car, so long ridiculed, which does the mischief and has struck a deadly blow at all railroad passenger earnings. Railroad presidents themselves say that these earnings will never go up again no matter how prosperous the land—gasoline is too cheap, the roads too good. So the quest for speed is on and the quest for electrical equipment and more and faster trains to compete with the airplane.

Peace be with the Stourbridge Lion! He came, he saw, he conquered. Once men bent down and worshipped. But the world moves on. Who shall say that a hundred years hence men will not smile to see a motor car upon the road as they fly their ways upon their own private wings with all the needed energy in the knapsacks on their backs?

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Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

HIS Majesty went hunting that day. That was not news, for His Majesty went hunting every day. But His Majesty killed only two deer. That was news, for as a rule His Majesty was more fortunate. His Majesty expressed his regrets duly in his diary. "Dull day. Went hunting. Two deer. Otherwise nothing of any importance." In this, His Majesty was eminently right. Nothing of any importance had happened. In Paris a mob of half-starved people had attacked the Bastille, had murdered the garrison, and was now busy celebrating the event by a copious flow of bad brandy and worse rhetoric. But the police would attend to that in the morning. The police always did. And His Majesty yawned and went to bed. The courtiers yawned and went to bed. The royal ducks in the royal duck-ponds tucked their heads carefully underneath their little wings and went to bed. But when they woke up, King, courtiers and ducks, they all of them woke up in a new world.

Modern historical investigation is kindly disposed towards unfortunate Louis Capet. He was by no means as dull a man as many of his contemporaries had made him out. He was sluggish, but that came because he ate too much and was then in the habit of falling asleep. That same trick cost Lord North the American colonies, but no one has therefore thought of turning him into a monster of iniquity and cruelty. It is true, Louis had certain other unfortunate qualities. He allowed himself to be ruled by a young wife who wanted a life of excitement. But other and better men than he have done likewise, and they have been forgiven when people caught a glimpse of the lady's charming countenance. And then there was the most serious accusation of all, that the descendant of Holy Louis did not in the least realize what was happening—that he had deliberately closed his eyes to the ominous events of the day and refused to pay any heed to even the most unmistakable signs of the time. That, however, was not the fault of the poor, amiable potentate who started on his final flight for life with six cold broiled chickens and returned with none, so that the road from Paris to Varennes could be traced by the drumsticks and wings that had been carelessly thrown out of the windows of Count Fersen's cumbersome cabriolet. It was the fault of his grandfather's great-grandfather, who had removed his residence from the banks of the Seine to the marshes of Versailles. But if Louis the Magnificent erred when he removed the head of the country from the heart, he sinned in good company. We ourselves have done likewise. And today we pay the penalty.

There is a chapter in the history of America which has never been touched upon except in a sentimental and genealogical sort of way. That is the influence of the Dutch Republic upon the newly founded commonwealth along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. Yet it is no more than natural that the thirteen colonies, when they took their lives (individually and collectively) into their hands and set up shop for themselves, should have paid some attention to the other republics of that day, to get a line, as it were, on the republic business in general. The only "going concern" of the kind was the immensely rich Republic of the United Seven Netherlands. Many of the leaders of the rebellion had been there in search of ready cash and future credit. I leave it to some future Ph.D. to figure out how much the contemporaries of Jefferson and Madison were influenced by what they heard and read about that state of Batavian bliss. But they flattered their Dutch contemporaries by imitating the most unfortunate of all their domestic arrangements when they allowed the capital of the nation to be built at a week's distance from the center of activities.

In the case of the United States and the United Provinces, local jealousies had brought about the disastrous separation of government and state. In the case of Versailles it was the desire of security from the mob. But the results were the same. Those who should have been in constant touch with the needs and desires and aspirations of their fellow-countrymen knew least about them. The captain and the officers were never on the bridge. They merely sailed along in a little vessel of their own that drifted a couple of miles behind the mother craft. From there they signalled their orders to those on board. When an accident happened or a mutiny occurred, they were painfully surprised and genuinely disturbed. "How did this happen?" they would ask with considerable show of annoyance. But they never wanted to hear the answer. For that would have revealed the uncomfortable truth, that a separation of a head and heart is apt to be just as fatal to a nation as it would be to an ordinary human being.

Of course nothing will ever be done about it. Nothing very much is ever done about anything until Providence takes a hand, and then as a rule it is too late. Besides, we are still incredibly rich and nothing is likely to happen to us for a long time to come. We will get along for the next 150 years, as we have got along during the past century and a half. But the compromise of 1790, which removed the national capital from the center of the land to the wilderness along the Potomac, will continue to cause friction and misunderstanding until we too shall have gone the way of Rome and Babylon and Samarkand. Then the White House will become another Palace of Versailles or another House in the Woods, an amiable ruin with nice gardens around it and lots of bad pictures and worse statuary and the memory of something that was very charming and very pleasant and totally futile because it had lost touch with reality—because it tried to live away from life and to rule —a thousand miles removed from those governed.

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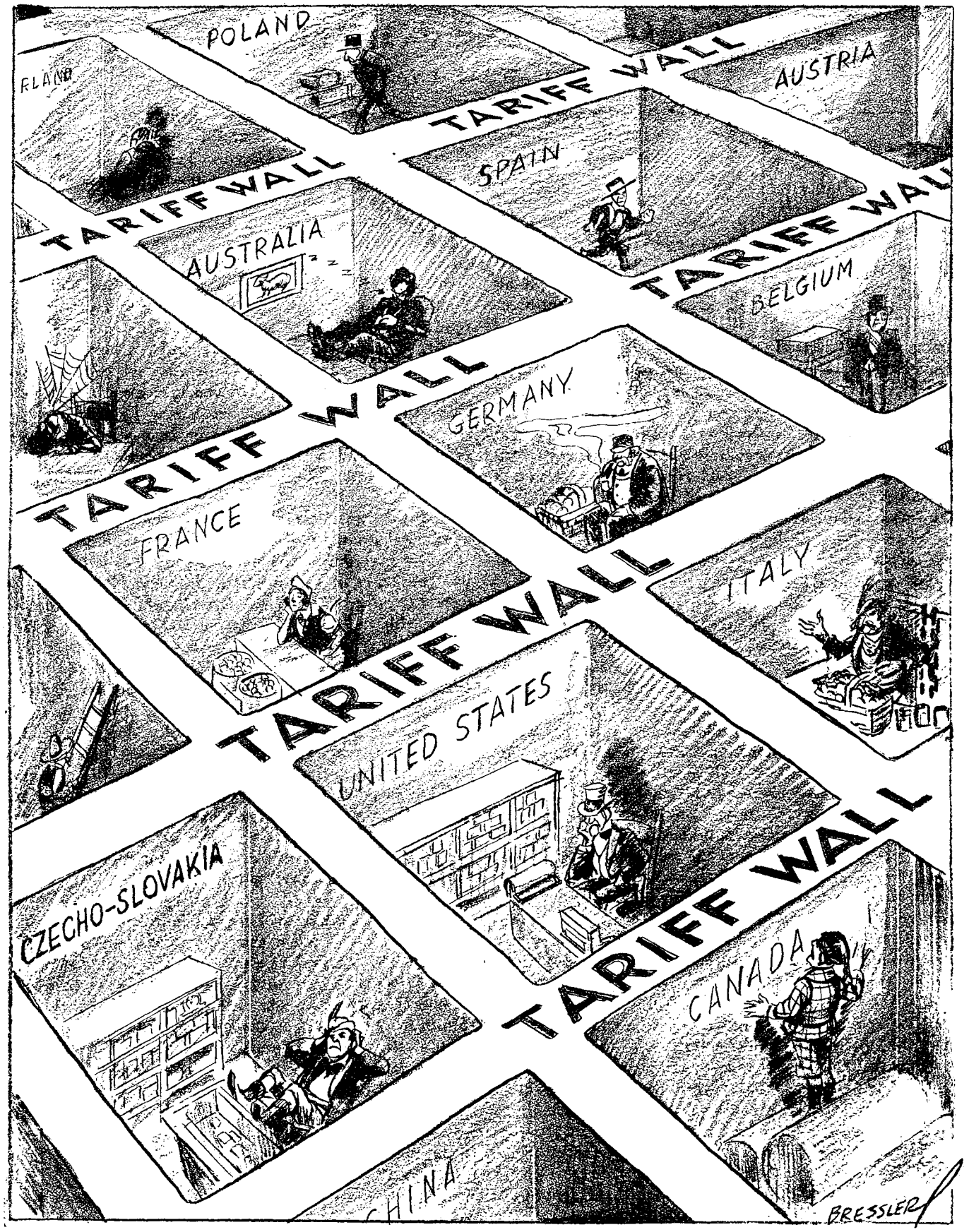

Yes, Business *is* terrible!

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Free Trade or Protection?*

By FRANCIS W. HIRST

London, August 6

UNEMPLOYMENT and the trade depression have brought tariff problems and indeed the whole fiscal question once more into the foreground of political controversy all over the world. In the United States and many other countries, where tariff walls have been raised very high and foreign competition with domestic products, whether of the field or the factory, has been deliberately excluded, it is becoming fashionable to blame the tariff and to point out the advantages, if not of complete freedom of trade, at least of a substantial downward revision of protective duties. In countries like Australia and Brazil the growers of such staples as wool or coffee complain bitterly that the clothing and tools and machinery they have to buy are made artificially dear, while what they have to sell must be sold at market prices. Thus, allowing for freight charges, the Australian pastoralist cannot get more for his wool than it will fetch at the sales in, say, Melbourne or London; but thanks to the Australian tariff he has to pay about seven shillings for a cotton singlet costing five pence in Japan! In Great Britain, on the other hand, where free trade has been maintained (with a few exceptions, such as the safeguarding duties on motor cars, cinema films, clocks and watches, silk goods, etc., introduced by Mr. Baldwin's last administration), the fashion has turned against free trade, and most British manufacturers, with the support of the Conservative Party, are clamoring for a protective tariff on all foreign goods, with a lower tariff or preferential rebate on goods from the British Empire.

In examining the advantages or disadvantages of protecting home producers against foreign producers by means of customs duties, it would be as absurd for a free trader to point out the unpopularity of protection at the present time in many protected countries as it would be for a protectionist to argue that free trade must be a mistake because in a country like England, which has enjoyed free trade for seventy years or more, there is now a very strong movement in favor of protection. But it is legitimate, I think, before entering upon the general argument, for one who still counts himself a convinced disciple of Adam Smith and Richard Cobden to draw attention to the very general belief, expressed by a majority of leading financiers and business men in all civilized countries, that since the war the multiplication of obstacles to international trade and the raising of tariff barriers have greatly augmented a depression, which, after such a massacre of men and such a wholesale destruction of capital, could hardly have been wholly avoided, even if people had been allowed to trade freely together and to exchange their surplus products without official hindrance. And, further, as I am addressing an American audience, I am entitled to emphasize the danger of retaliation, which, indeed, has become evident during the last year. For not only has the new American tariff led to the raising of duties against leading American exports in countries which have suffered from the exclusion of their own goods, but Canada, the nearest neighbor and, I think, the best customer of the United States, has passed a new tariff which is admittedly a serious blow to American exports.

Every free trader holds that free trade is good for a country whether other countries adopt it or not; but he also maintains that reciprocity is a wiser and more advantageous policy than retaliation, and that the advantages claimed for a high protective tariff, even if real, may be outbalanced by the disadvantages resulting from retaliatory action by other governments, which are ready to engage in commercial war and are apt to forget the Sermon on the Mount, when ruined traders or unemployed workpeople ask them to hit back. I have very little doubt that the Smoot-Hawley tariff is partly responsible for the recent growth of the protectionist movement in Great Britain. Mr. L. S. Amery, the late Colonial Secretary, perhaps the best informed and the most adroit in argument of our protectionist politicians, has been turning special attention to the fiscal policy of the United States. He has been arguing that this policy, in conjunction with the demand for war debts payable in gold, is responsible for the locking up of an unnecessarily large supply of the world's monetary gold in the United States. How, he asks, can we find a remedy for the fall in prices when debt receiving countries refuse goods and demand gold, "however little use gold may be to them, and however badly it is needed for world purposes." Mr. Amery made the mistake of prophesying that the United States was not likely either to alter its debt claims or to lower its tariff. Within a few weeks the first part of his prophecy has been falsified. But I have no doubt that people here are impressed on hearing that British imports from the United States exceed British exports to the United States by about one hundred and twenty millions sterling annually; and many who are incapable either of analyzing statistics or taking a philosophic view of trade are struck by the plausible argument that British Empire purchases from the United States could be reduced, if suitable tariff were imposed, by at least one hundred millions sterling annually. In this way, says Mr. Amery triumphantly, we should not only increase employment at home, but liberate enough gold to stabilize world prices. To those of us who believe that nothing could be more disastrous than a commercial war between the two great English-speaking nations, it seems worth while to point out to our friends in America how much damage might be inflicted by high discriminating duties on American fruit and canned meats and many other products which can be grown or manufactured (less cheaply) in Great Britain, Australia, Canada, or other parts of the Empire. If experience is worth anything at all, and if experience has already taught the losses that may be inflicted by retaliation, those who control American policy should consider whether reciprocity in advance would not be better and more profitable than the prosecution of relentless commercial warfare against good customers.

So much for the general aspects of the tariff contro-

* The first of a series of six articles on free trade. The second, on Free Trade and the United States, by Henry Raymond Mussey, will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

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versy. But before turning to the free-trade argument I would say a word or two on the subject of dumping. Dumping is a term which suggests the throwing of rubbish upon a rubbish heap, and those who desire a protective duty to raise the price of the article they manufacture usually describe all the competing goods which enter our markets as "dumped goods." Just now a good deal of moral indignation is imported into the argument by denunciations of slave labor in Russia. No doubt, in the last year especially, imports of timber, wheat, and oil from Russia have helped to depress the price of these important raw materials; but there is equally little doubt that on the whole cheap wood, cheap oil, and cheap bread are beneficial to a country like ours which is mainly industrial. Indeed, German manufacturers are now finding in the discontent of their workpeople and in the raised cost of production that their trade is suffering severely because, owing to higher taxation of imported grain, bread in Berlin costs nearly three times as much as bread in London. It is also to be observed that Russia is not mainly responsible for the present low prices of its leading exports. Russian wheat constitutes only a moderate fraction of the world's supplies, and Russian oil only a tiny fraction of the world's supply. The withdrawal of Russia from the markets of the world would certainly raise prices, but so would the withdrawal of any other exporting country.

I confess that I have not been able to discover how the use of the word "dumping" adds any serious weight to the argument for protection. It usually means no more than an underselling of competitors, which is the practice of most successful men of business! If it be defined as selling below the cost of production, that is what most big shops and stores do at the end of the season, and what manufacturers do with an otherwise unsalable surplus. But most economists will agree that when a government subsidy or bounty is paid out of taxes or loans in order to enable a particular group of manufacturers or producers to sell abroad at lower prices than they sell at home, a very objectionable and artificial state of things may result. Sugar subsidies and sugar bounties combined with high protective duties in many countries have recently produced a crisis ruinous to cultivators in Cuba and in certain other countries whose soil and climate are best adapted for the purpose. The Stevenson scheme of rubber restriction in Malaya and the coffee-valorization schemes of Brazil have proved equally disastrous; for after raising prices and so stimulating production in other countries they broke down and ended in a slump of rubber and coffee which has brought something like bankruptcy on the populations for whose benefit they were initiated.

There seems then to be no rational substitute for the natural equilibrium of production and consumption, and for those upward and downward movements of prices which attend the unhindered working of the laws of demand and supply. "Look after the consumer and let the producer take care of himself" is the best rule for governments to follow. Laissez faire cannot, indeed, be applied *unconditionally*, because governments, national and local, have to take care of the health and happiness of the peoples whom they represent—by laws for the regulation of health and laws to prevent adulteration and other noxious practices, which belong rather to the sphere of police than to the sphere of business. Generally speaking, it is the free air of competition that maintains efficiency in production and secures the consumer against monopoly prices now that invention has cheapened and accelerated the means of communication and made of the whole world one great commercial community.

This brings me to the central argument for free trade. Its discovery is usually attributed to Adam Smith; but like many other modern discoveries it was foreseen and described by the ingenious speculations of Greek philosophy. I remember a few years ago at a public luncheon in Kansas City I was invited to discourse on tariff policy. I began by expressing my surprise that in a country where protective customs duties were so highly prized for purposes of foreign trade the same policy was not applied internally. If protection is good for the whole American Union, it ought, I argued, to be equally good for the individual States. But no State is allowed to protect itself against the others by a tariff, and the United States is the largest and richest free-trade area in the world. At that time the cost of a bridge connecting Kansas City, Missouri, with the State of Kansas was being supported by tolls, which protected the inhabitants from the competing produce of their neighbors on the other side of the river. Instead of rejoicing in this happy contrivance—which combined revenue with protection—the city had decided upon an issue of bonds for the express purpose of making traffic over the bridge free. I found that this illustration appealed to many of the business men present, who agreed with me that if the removal of bridge tolls would benefit both Missouri and Kansas, the removal of customs might also benefit the export as well as the import trade of the whole nation. Imports and exports, after all, pay for one another; and it is surely bad business to refuse payment. As Mr. Keynes once said (before his recent change of opinion), exports are payments, imports are receipts. All trade is barter, and the maximum of prosperity will be attained when nations and individuals accept the principle of the division of labor with the corresponding principle of the free interchange of surplus products.

These principles, as I have said, were discovered by the philosophy of Greece. In his ideal Republic Plato describes the growth of a primitive society, whose first necessities are food, houses, and clothing. At first a man living in isolation had to procure these for himself; but after joining in a community, he need no longer try to be a Jack-of-all-trades. In the very smallest village men and women would divide their labors instead of dividing their time. Some would grow food, others would spin and weave or make clothing, others would build houses, and so on. After working for a day or a week, they would barter their surplus products or bring them into the common stock for distribution. Here we have the economic justification for cooperative industry, in which men and women find scope for the diversity of their gifts and capacities. One may prefer the open-air life of a farmer, another the indoor life of a weaver, another may like to keep a shop, another to fetch and carry. Naturally, the workman who devotes himself to one occupation succeeds better. "Practice makes perfect."

As the little village community grows in numbers and wealth, there is a natural expansion of wants and services. Carpenters and blacksmiths and shoemakers and other artisans and mechanics are called into existence, until the village attains the size of a town or city. In time the city cannot supply all its own wants; imports are needed; this gives

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rise to a merchant class, but they must not go empty-handed, for if they do they will come back empty-handed. Consequently, the city needs a surplus of goods with which to supply its foreign customers. Then for the purposes of exchange there must be a market place and money. So Plato shows us a complete city, with home trade and foreign trade and all the elements of that vast intricate system which, in spite of nationalism and war, penetrates and encompasses the modern world—a system of commercial and financial intercourse so complex that each one of us is dependent for his necessities, his comforts, and his luxuries upon thousands of others, not merely in his own town or village or country but on foreigners in far-away territories, for the things he uses and consumes day by day throughout his life.

But the common-sense moral which every intelligent reader must derive from Plato's charmingly written account of the growth of the city found few practical disciples. For more than two thousand years the science of political economy made no advance. Nay, in practice it went back, just as the art of road-making and of building went back after the sack of Rome and the downfall of the Western Empire. The advantages to human society of the division of labor and the free exchange of surplus products had been amply demonstrated, but commercial jealousies, racial animosities, and the natural pugnacity of mankind obscured plain truths and hindered the diffusion of wisdom and common sense. The fallacies of mercantilism induced medieval rulers to believe that trade regulations and restrictions, devised to encourage the inflow and check the outflow of precious metals, would enrich the state. Almost every government tried to divert trade from its natural channels. Then at last Adam Smith took up the principle of division of labor and used it as a key to unlock the science of political economy. After many years of study and reflection he published in 1776 his masterpiece—"The Wealth of Nations"—which ultimately induced British statesmen, through the persuasive eloquence of Richard Cobden, to repeal the Corn Laws and to establish a system of free trade with other nations. As he put it:

> It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one or the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their own interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for.
>
> What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarcely be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage.

The practical application of this today is obvious. One of America's most important export commodities, cotton, is selling at a price lower than that reached in a generation, and there is consternation at the price of wheat having fallen to the ruinous figure of twenty-five cents a bushel on the farm. At the same time discontent is seething in Berlin and the other great cities of Germany, not merely because of the financial crisis and the trade depression, but also because the German Government, to please the Agricultural Party, has clapped exceptionally heavy duties on imports of grain, so heavy that bread is said to be more than twice as dear in Berlin as in London.

England is practically the only free market for the surplus food and fruit exports of the United States. But there is no free market in the United States for England's surplus, and consequently, owing to retaliation or lack of reciprocity, American farmers are now in desperate straits. Is not the remedy obvious?

What I Believe*

By ROBERT BRIFFAULT

THE view that a man's beliefs concerning the nature of the universe determine all his other beliefs and attitudes of mind was held at one time to be self-evident. It continued to be entertained long after the practice of roasting people alive for holding wrong beliefs had been abandoned. A brilliantly written book appeared not long ago devoted to the thesis, and suggesting that the hypotheses of Professor Einstein must modify our morals.

That thesis is, I think, a relic of theological thought, which has a way of surviving in the minds of people after they have repudiated it. I am uncertain as to the nature of the ether and as to its relation to the propagation of energy, a state of mental perplexity which places me in very good company. But I cannot perceive that the doubt perturbs my outlook upon the problems which really interest me. Whether or not I believe in the ether makes not one jot of difference to my views on pacifism, pauperism, or passive resistance. I am impressed with the magnitude of the universe and with the consequent relative minuteness of man's abode in it, but a few light-centuries more or less do not materially alter my sense of proportion, my opinions, or my conduct.

It is not my intention to be either flippant or evasive. I am aware that anyone sufficiently interested in my opinions to ask me what I believe really intends, in nine cases out of ten, to put the much more direct question with which Gretchen quizzed Dr. Faust: "Glaubst du an Gott?" As the embarrassed Faust implies in his answer, that is largely a question of previous definition. A parson desirous of pinning me down would use the word "personal." I have devoted considerable attention to the elements of psychology, and I cannot think of any aspect of human personality, such as thought, knowledge, emotion, feeling, will, justice, power, goodness, or a turn for mathematics, which does not pertain

* The third of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. The fourth will appear in an early issue.—Editor The Nation.

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to the category of means relative to human life. To apply that category to the absolute does not make sense. Nor does any other definition. Undefined descriptions of the universal order, or disorder, scarcely make, as regards the vital questions of human life, a difference greater than does the existence or non-existence of the ether.

Nor can I perceive that those vital questions are affected by my believing, as I do, that the distinction between "matter" and "mind" rests upon an elementary confusion of thought. It is true that many seemingly important consequences as to the nature of life and death depend upon that view, and that nine-tenths of the controversies about materialism, behaviorism, and idealism are reduced thereby to meaningless gibberish. But it leaves my human relations and my motives essentially unaffected. As a young man I used to take a keen interest in metaphysics. I am thankful that I did; I believe it has helped me to think more clearly. But as I have grown older I have come to see that the importance attached to those questions has been exaggerated. Views about the universe are inevitably patterned on human life and human relations. They are necessarily either anthropomorphic or materialistic, and consequently, in each case, absurd. No tolerable description of enduring bliss, for example, has ever been given, because such a condition is outside human experience. And every belief concerning the nature of the universe derives, after all, its sole significance from the influence which the universe may be supposed to exercise upon the life and the world of man. From that world of his, man cannot escape. He is not even capable of conceiving death—an incapacity which has been termed an intuitive faith in immortality. The closer I draw to death, the more I am interested in life, which is the only thing that anyone is really interested in, however much he may persuade himself that he is interested in the universe.

Opinions concerning the constitution of the universe were very important when human life, viewed as a brief period of probation, was accounted unimportant. As the importance attached to human life has become greater, that of the universe has grown less. The inevitable effect of otherworldliness was to dull the edge of man's concern with the human world and to foster acquiescence in its injustice and stupidity. That deplorable attitude is expressed in the most immoral principle that has ever been uttered: "Resist not evil." What moral advance over its predecessors can be claimed for the present age—and despite the survivals of medievalism a good deal can be claimed—has not come about through the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, but through the opposite tendency to resist evil, tooth and nail, without reference to the constitution of the universe, but with growing insight into the constitution of the human world.

Whether man be regarded as the work of God, or of the devil, or of natural selection, or of the continuity of the germ-plasm, the human world has definitely come to be viewed as the work of man. To lay the blame elsewhere is unjust, and to pray for rain or for peace has come to appear foolish. The world of man is, according as we look at it, an amazing and glorious wonder or an atrocious nightmare. In the Middle Ages the atrocities of the human world were set down to the depravity of human nature. The achievements which distinguish my world from that of my cannibal ancestors are the outcome of stupidity. I am convinced, in spite of all that may be said on the subject of the limitations and fallibility of reason, that the stupidity which causes the atrocities of the human world is not an irremediable part of the nature of man. Many people tried quite lately to make us believe that war is due to an instinct of combativeness innate in human nature, and therefore inevitable. That, I believe, is not true. A highly organized and complicated technique of propaganda, the resources of oratory, the assistance of the police, the cooperation of academic learning, of the churches, of the press are required in order to wheedle the collective combativeness of twentieth-century man into facing a machine-gun. Were it not so, no existing institution which excites his exasperation would be safe for a day. As with war, so with other atrocities of the human world. The propagandas of politicians, professors, the pulpit, and the press do not rely for their success upon human intelligence. They rely upon the intellectual trickery which is concerned with the safeguarding of established institutions by appealing, not to facts, experience, or logic, but to the authority of established traditions. Those traditions and those institutions have for the most part been handed down from a time when savages were imperfectly intelligent. They derive their sanctity from the fact that every established institution supplies persons associated with it with bread and butter and a little over. Were it not for those vested interests and that propaganda, no intelligent person at the present day would, I believe, advocate war, or the organization of industry without reference to human needs, or the deformation of the minds of children by inculcated superstition. Those opinions upon which are based the atrocities of the human world are not dispositions of human nature, but products of education in savage traditions.

The old doctrine that it were better for a man to be dead than to hold erroneous views in astronomy was an odorous herring drawn across the trail of the most fateful issue that bears on the destinies of man's world. What is vital is not what a man believes, but why. Savage humanity held irrational beliefs concerning the methods of obtaining and of cooking a meal. It accounted indispensable to the success of the operation the aid of supernatural agencies acting unnaturally and irrationally. Modern humanity has largely outgrown that primitive irrationality. It believes that natural agencies and common sense are alone effective in providing a dinner. Savage irrationality has accordingly withdrawn from the field and the kitchen, the market place and the factory, and taken refuge in the metaphysical universe. That is why transcendental beliefs are deemed important. In a sense they are. He who holds the irrational beliefs of the savage with reference to the universe is likely to hold equally irrational beliefs on political, social, moral questions. The views of the Pope or of the Methodist Council on astronomy, biology, or metaphysics matter little. Their views on policy, on marriage, on education matter so much that the world's destinies, which hang perilously in the scales, may be determined according as the balance is turned by the weight of rational or of irrational opinions. Before the human race is fitted to cope effectually with the political, social, economic, and moral riddles which it must answer or be torn to pieces, traditional beliefs concerning the constitution of the universe may have first to be set aside, not because the constitution of the universe is of importance, but because the constitution of the human world

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depends upon the measure in which the thought of man is able and willing to operate honestly, fearlessly, and in conformity with facts.

One of the most stupid principles, and certainly the most pernicious, of our current tradition is the doctrine that all beliefs that are held sincerely are equally entitled to respect. Nine-tenths of the atrocities which convert the human world from a glorious achievement into a ghastly horror are the result of sincere beliefs of good men and women. Those sincere beliefs have plunged the world into misery and deluged it with blood. I have no respect for them. The principle is, of course, merely a device for the protection of traditional stupidity. Were it once admitted that the only criterion of the respectability of a belief is its validity on rational grounds, the difficult task of safeguarding irrational traditions would become hopeless. Repudiating as I do that protective device, I am intolerant. I am shamelessly intolerant of typhoid, tuberculosis, war, social injustice, superstition. I am likewise liable to become impatient when, in regard to any of those evils, I am asked: "What do you propose to put in its stead?" Fortunately, my conviction that tuberculosis, and militarism, and stock-jobbing, and superstition are not innate and inevitable prevents my intolerance from extending to persons who are afflicted with those infections. That a man is a consumptive, a millionaire, or a Methodist is not his fault. It is the fault of primitive insanitary conditions, bodily and mental.

Believing as I do that human nature is not incurably stupid, militaristic, superstitious, submissive in the face of injustice, I am in the rare and fortunate position of being an optimist. The times are particularly favorable to optimism. The world-wide depression and unrest, the dissolution of the economic system, the political chaos which bodes imminent war, the intellectual chaos that stultifies the greater part of current thought, the disintegration of the family, the impotence of art, the collapse of religion and of morals are so many signs calculated to encourage optimism. They betoken, one and all, the final collapse of the authority of savage traditions, that is to say, of the causes of human stupidity. They do not hold out the promise of any Utopia. Far from it. But they render inevitable a radical change in the working of the forces which have hitherto misshaped the human world.

The situation has never occurred before. The human world has proceeded up to now on the principle that tradition, whatever its origin, is the most respectable sanction for beliefs and conduct. The obsolescence of that age-long foundation amounts to much more than any revolution. It is comparable only with the emergence of the race out of brutishness.

Never was what we believe of greater importance than today. If we believe that savage traditional institutions are immutable and everlasting, these are very appalling times. If we believe that wisdom consists in performing balancing feats on the fence of compromise, these are very perplexing times. If we believe that the logic of human intelligence and of events moves inevitably, like the sun on the map, from right to left, and can never be bidden to stand still, these are very interesting times in which to be alive. Upon the proportion of those beliefs today depends the severity of the birth-pangs amid which a new age shall be born out of the old.

The days in which we are living closely resemble the Day of Judgment: everyone is compelled to take sides, to sort himself out with the sheep or with the goats. The choice of every thinking man and woman is between the thoughts, standards, values, and aims of a world to which history is waving an everlasting farewell and those of a new world where the feet of the younger generation are set upon other paths. Some try hard to elude the behest of the trumpeting angels and the painful necessity of making a choice. They are called liberals. I am not a liberal, because to try to make logic stop short of its extreme conclusions seems to me as futile as to attempt to poise a stone in mid-air. I believe that it is too late for human thought to avert the nemesis which traditional stupidity and the interests vested in maintaining it are calling down upon the semi-civilization of the West. I believe that any form of compromise is today a waste of time and energy.

I know the perils and the penalties of rejecting compromise. To incur those perils seems to many injudicious. That again is a misconception of human nature. The most potent urges that drive man and other forms of life are perilous and prejudicial to the individual. Whenever a human being sets about enjoying himself, he acts injudiciously: his bank account suffers. Love, art, truth are profoundly injudicious. To feel an interest in the fate of unborn generations is injudicious. Yet those injudicious urges are the only ones for which human beings have been prepared to lay down their lives. The reason is that the individual is, biologically speaking, but a by-product of a continuous germplasm which does not care a straw about the individual's interests and perils. According as *its* impersonal urges or the interests of *his* bank book are obeyed, two divergent philosophies of life are formulated. The one is prejudicial to the individual; the other is prejudicial to the race.

But it is the race as a whole, and not the individual, which has been developing since savage times, and with that development the two philosophies of life come to diverge less and less. The truth has lately been forced upon the world that for a nation to pursue its own apparent interests without reference to the interests of other nations is a circuitous method of committing suicide. The truth is being also forced upon the judicious individual that the exclusive pursuit of what he deems his interests may in the end prove suicidal. Thus morals are being gradually inculcated, not by moral sermons and mystic exaltations, but by the pressure of facts—a much more effective method.

The process, which has been at work since man emerged out of brutality, will go on whatever beliefs, whatever theories may be in fashion. Truth triumphs in the end, not because of some magic power it wields, but because irrational beliefs and false philosophies are merely a perverse habit which human beings have of kicking against the pricks. The results of such kicking are unpleasant, tedious, and messy. The procedure prolongs the agonies of adaptation. That is why it is better to keep a severe check on our beliefs and opinions; that is why intellectual honesty is the best policy.

The thinker is a conceited person. He is prone to imagine that he fashions the world. All he can do is to shorten the futile and unpleasant process of kicking against the pricks. That, in reality, is the badly paid service which he renders to mankind when he obeys the cry that goes up from a distressed world—the cry for reason and justice.

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The Admirals See the Point

By H. K. FLEMING

REPRESENTATIVE BRITTEN now is more than sixty years old and a great patriot. In circles where patriotism is a fine art he is ranked only a little below William B. Shearer, about on a level with William Hale Thompson, but a little above Rear Admiral Fiske and Mrs. Broussard, of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In any event, the Representative's technique in denouncing King George has proved most effective. As chairman of the very powerful House Committee on Naval Affairs he has been in a convenient position to do this; and with a large army of German constituents back home in Illinois, he has found it in the past politically profitable. So bellicose and influential has he been in naval matters that he was able to maneuver the army-navy game to Illinois with the same facility that he was able this month to shift the North Atlantic fleet and the Los Angeles to Long Island.

It was these latter feats that revealed that, patriotically speaking, the Representative moves in circles that are not likely to be approached even by Mr. Shearer and Mr. Thompson. Singularly enough, a pacifist was responsible for it all. Frederick J. Libby, of the National Council for the Prevention of War, with headquarters in Washington, had been making speeches on Long Island in favor of peace recently. Mr. Britten thereupon discovered that the youth of Long Island was being corrupted. Mr. Libby, he said, was an "international anarchist." His answer was decisive. He went to Admiral Pratt and suggested that the North Atlantic fleet, comprising about thirty-five vessels, and 5,000 men with a pay roll of some $1,000,000, be transported to Montauk Point, Long Island, to revive the fires of patriotism. The Admiral, who knows his master's voice when he hears it, fell into line, and so at the isolated village of Montauk, far removed from the centers of population and 160 miles from New York City, there gathered Lawrence Richey, secretary to President Hoover; Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; David S. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, and Rear Admiral Moffett, to watch the taxpayers' vessels sail into Montauk Bay. Another visitor reported was Mr. Ivy Lee.

It was in this distinguished company that Mr. Britten made his remark about Mr. Libby; and there also, although only by chance, was it discovered that Mr. Britten was the owner of three and a half acres of land at Montauk, and that he was a friend of long standing of Carl Fisher, the genius of the Montauk Development Corporation, which had sunk many millions into the venture; $10,000,000 appears to be a conservative estimate. Mr. Fisher, whose talents had been exercised previously at Miami Beach and the Indianapolis speedway, began to develop Montauk in 1925, but Mr. Britten, on his own admission, did not enter the picture until two or three years after this. The day following the discovery of the three and a half acres, the Representative conceded that he was a stockholder as well as a landholder. He had denied this when questioned at first, but possibly it was a lapse of memory. However, on one point he remained adamant. His financial interest in the place was purely a coincidence. It was the perfidious Mr. Libby he was after. There was the real reason.

No one who has worshipped at the shrine of Messrs. Thompson, Shearer, and Fiske, and Mrs. Broussard will for a moment doubt that the Representative's gesture was directed toward the youth of Long Island, fifty to a hundred miles away in the interior or down the coast, and not to his own pocketbook. In high naval circles his word is gospel; he crooks his finger and the fleet moves; he expresses a wish, and the Los Angeles sails. The only source of interest for historians is what the Representative chooses to call a "coincidence." It might indeed be termed a series of coincidences. Back in 1927 Montauk was being mentioned as a village that was yet to be heard from. Its bay undoubtedly was magnificent; and should ocean liners make it a port of call, the voyage could be cut by no less than twelve hours.

It was in December of that year that this thought occurred to Clinton Bardo and Laurence Wilder, of the Brown Boveri Corporation, who will be remembered chiefly for their employment of Mr. Shearer to "spike" the Geneva naval conference. Messrs. Bardo and Wilder had organized the Transoceanic Corporation, which was to run a fleet of four-day vessels across the Atlantic provided they could get the United States Shipping Board to accommodate them by a loan of $100,000,000. Montauk, they decided, would make an ideal port. It was about this time that Mr. Britten secured his land.

Other interests also had not been slow to forsee possibilities of vast profit. W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reasoned with logic that the Long Island Railroad, one of his subsidiaries, would carry every pound of freight and every passenger to and from Montauk; and we find George LeBoutellier, vice president of both the Pennsylvania and the Long Island Railroad, buying heavily into the stock of the Montauk Development Corporation, later becoming its president. By a "coincidence" Mr. Atterbury's sentiments were expressed to the Representative himself in a letter given to the press by the latter, April 1, 1928. The Transoceanic Corporation's request for $100,000,000 from the public treasury was then pending before the Shipping Board. As a sort of introduction to the letter Mr. Britten explained that he had been making, to quote the *Herald Tribune*, "investigations to ascertain if any of the great railroads were inclined to cooperate with private shipowners in the interest of economy in overseas passenger and freight transportation," adding that he looked for "the inauguration of the four-day ships across the ocean." The Atterbury communication synchronized curiously, fortunately, and almost exactly, with what he had been looking for. Mr. Atterbury was willing and ready to cooperate; Mr. Atterbury extolled Montauk. Its bay, he found, was unrivalled. To the Transoceanic project he gave his blessing. Thus the stage was set carefully for a record grab of $100,000,000, but unfortunately the Shipping Board frigidly dismissed the plan on April 27—on the ground that it was unsound and "financially nebulous."

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Equally unfortunately, that other great patriot, Mr. Shearer, then revealed what had been going on backstage. Mr. Shearer sued the Brown Boveri Corporation for a large sum on the ground that his heroic services at the Geneva naval conference had gone unrewarded. As a result Mr. Bardo was called before a Senate Committee and revealed that $102,000 had also been expended in lobbying and securing publicity for the Transoceanic-Montauk project. Of this sum $6,750 had gone to Mr. Ivy Lee, also public relations counsellor for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and some $3,800 to Herbert Hartley, former commander of the Leviathan, then being operated by the Shipping Board, who was induced to resign his command and use his influence on the publicity payroll. The commander, in fact, left his ship in January, 1928, and as early as February of the same year was loud in his praises of Montauk. Two months after the Shearer suit, Mr. Hartley also sued the Transoceanic Corporation for $75,000. He, too, complained that Shearer had "spilled the beans" and therefore his pay had ceased.

Mr. Britten's corporation was now left high and dry. There was no longer a flood of publicity from more than a score of spellbinders on the Transoceanic payroll. There was even danger that Montauk would be forgotten completely. For a time it seemed that the bid of $16,000,000 made by Paul Chapman and Joseph Sheedy, which won them the vessels of the Shipping Board early in 1929, might result in Montauk's being made a port. Shipping circles were of the opinion that this huge bid, many millions above that of the nearest competitor, was made with this in mind; Mr. Sheedy was reputed to be a former associate of Mr. Fisher's; and enquiries at the Pennsylvania Railroad brought the discreet reply that such an eventuality was probable. But nothing came of it. Nor had anything come of the alleged interest shown by other steamship lines.

What was to be done for this $10,000,000 development? Land had been exchanging hands there during the days of optimism at from $20,000 to $250,000 an acre, if reports are to be believed. It was then that Mr. Britten, the most influential member of the great deflated, came to the rescue. On September 22, 1930, he announced publicly that Montauk Bay had unlimited possibilities, and that "if American steamship owners continue to be indifferent to the fact they will wake up in the near future to find that foreign countries have stepped in and established a base." "Some people throughout the country when they read this statement will contest the practibility of using the bay as a port of entry on the ground that there is not enough deep water," he continued. "As a method of proving that this statement is not based upon theory I will have a practical demonstration enacted by the United States navy. As chairman of the committee of Naval Affairs I will guarantee to the sceptical minds that they will see one of the United States naval fleets using the bay . . . and when they see the huge battleships anchored in the bay they will agree with my contentions."

This month, therefore, the fleet with its $1,000,000 payroll and its 5,000 men duly arrived to act as a signboard for the Montauk developers. The handful of men who took the trouble to land on that exclusive and isolated spot paid $2 a meal at the Fisher-Britten hotel, Montauk Manor. Others paid twice what they would have paid in New York at so-called cheaper places down the beach. In nearby Southampton, hotels were asking from $8 to $18 a night; the taxicabs charged up to $1.25 a mile, and the few hundred sailors who could afford to get into Riverside Drive and Broadway, New York, used Mr. Atterbury's railroad at about $6 the round trip.

The Representative had wasted no time in getting to work. On the first day of the visit he had impressed upon newspaper correspondents the "possibilities of the bay as a potential deep harbor for commercial shipping"; but as the storm broke he answered criticisms with explanations that were bewildering in their variety. By turns he became petulant and belligerent. "Frederick J. Libby has been making speeches all through here which are destructive in their attitude," he said. "One of the main objects in bringing the fleet was to counteract this propaganda." Some of his other explanations follow:

(1) "Officers don't like it because they are not having their daily tea in Newport. There's not enough doing here."

(2) "This is a good place for the fleet because the climate is better than Newport."

(3) "I think the ships should go where the people can see them, popularizing themselves."

(4) "There is nothing commercial in bringing the fleet here."

(5) "The force has the advantages of a deep water harbor and a land location which while not densely populated is near enough to centers of population so that the public can come and learn something of a navy training program."

(6) "I like dancing and teas and have no complaint against officers having social contacts, but I firmly believe the fleet should have as much cruising time as it can absorb."

But it was after the fleet had steamed out of the harbor that the Representative delivered what he termed his final "statement to the world":

> "In December of 1930, after the American Motor Boat Association had announced the twenty-eighth annual motor boat classic was to be raced on Lake Montauk, August 15, I called up Secretary Adams and Chief of Operations, Admiral Pratt, to suggest that Fort Pond Bay (Montauk Bay) be included in the fleet's schedule of summer operations in the triangular area bounded by Newport, London, and Montauk . . . It was later determined by the Navy Department without the slightest political pressure or suggestion from me or anyone else that the fleet's itinerary should include the week of August 10 at Montauk."

This final explanation can be dismissed as frigidly as the Shipping Board dismissed the drive for $100,000,000 of the public's money. It is intimated here that the visit of the fleet was to be in the nature of a "tie-up" with the motor boat races, but it so happens that these were not announced until October, 1930; and in September, 1930, the Representative had said he would "guarantee" that the fleet would be in Montauk, but for quite a different reason. And if there was no evidence of "political pressure" how is it that the Representative can make his "guarantee" in September and not until December "suggest" to Admiral Pratt that the fleet come to Montauk? How is it that the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs can shift the taxpayers' fleet about in this manner? There is only one answer. The Navy is afraid of him; and for Naval officials the Representative has apparently the same contempt that he has for the intelligence of the public.

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In the Driftway

IN his college days the Drifter managed to pick up a smattering of such economics as was going the rounds then, and he still recalls with pleasure the marginal theory. The marginal theory held that it was always the last unit or units of a commodity that really counted. They were the units that determined the price of all the rest. For example, if A, B, C, and D each wanted to sell E an orange, they could get for each orange only as much as the fourth orange was worth to E. Or, to be more realistic, if the South has some twenty million bales of cotton to sell, the price it can get for each bale will not be any higher than the price at which it is able to get rid of the last five million bales—or even of the very last bale. Now it seems to the Drifter that the marginal theory has a much wider bearing than the text-books used to hint. European critics, for example, have been telling us for years that we spoil our women, that the American husband is a slave to the American wife, and so on. But have any of these foreign critics stopped to ask themselves *why* this condition exists? (Let's assume that it *does* exist, or we can't go on.) As the Drifter sees it, the whole explanation lies in the census figures. These show that in the United States there are still 102.5 men to every 100 women. It is those extra two and five-tenths men, those marginal boys, who are causing all the trouble. They are going around trying to get themselves married, underbidding the rest of us, making all sorts of ridiculous concessions, and in general demoralizing the man market. In England, as everyone knows, the situation is reversed; there are about 109 women there to every 100 men, and so the men can afford to be tyrannical, unchivalrous—in fact, to dictate their own terms. Monogamy may work out ethically, but it surely doesn't work out statistically. Incidentally, the Drifter has just learned what is meant by the phrase: "Not a Chinaman's chance." There are 394.7 Chinese males in this country for every 100 Chinese females.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Justice" in Kentucky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just visited one of the mining regions of Kentucky. In the Harlan County jail I visited with an old friend who is now in the clutches of "the law." Arnold Johnson was previously Sherwood Eddy's secretary and is now preparing for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary. From Dr. Eddy and seminary professors he caught a glimpse of the meaning of religion in economic life and decided to spend his summer doing relief work and other forms of helpful service with the miners of that county, who are on strike against intolerable conditions. Wages are low, employment is irregular or unobtainable, high prices are charged at company stores, underweighing at the scales is not uncommon, and misery is widespread and abysmal. Yet when the miners under these circumstances strike for better treatment, they are looked upon as dangerous characters. They are terrorized by armed strike-breakers and private guards and sometimes even by officers of the law. Several miners have been shot from ambush, their automobiles have been dynamited, their leaders have been kidnapped, brutally beaten and taken across the State line, with warnings not to return. The miners are therefore in a bitter and reckless mood. Many of them go armed constantly and are prepared for direct action. The conservative United Mine Workers union in this section has largely been supplanted in influence by the I. W. W., and the militant Communist organization with its gospel of class hatred and violence.

Mr. Johnson came into this region as a representative of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Civil Liberties Union, for the purpose of siding with relief work and the effort to secure justice for the miners. He was soon accused of being an organizer for the I. W. W. and warned by "operators, judge, and sheriff" to get out of town. When he refused to be intimidated, he was arrested on a charge of criminal syndicalism, that is, advocacy of the violent overthrow of the Government. The evidence produced in court to prove this charge is utterly ridiculous.

A room which he had formerly occupied was searched and some of his papers seized. I was permitted to examine the literature which was supposed to prove his guilt and made a complete list as follows: a copy of the *Survey,* March 25, 1922; a copy of the *League for Industrial Democracy Monthly,* June 1931; a copy of *The Unemployed,* Spring 1931, published by the League for Industrial Democracy; a copy of "Mr. Justice Langdon Dissents," a new chapter in the Mooney-Billings case, published by the Arbitrator Press; a copy of "National Defense," by Kirby Page; a copy of "Southern Labor in Revolt," with a foreword by Norman Thomas, published by the Intercollegiate Student Council of the League for Industrial Democracy; a copy of "Even Adam Had a Hearing," published by the Committee on Labor Injunctions, organized by the American Civil Liberties Union; a copy of "Gastonia," published by the Conference for the Progressive Labor Organization; page 2 of a mimeograph report of the American Civil Liberties Union, June 4, 1931; two private letters; and a copy of "What do you mean—Free Speech?" published by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The last of these pamphlets contains a passage which was the prosecutor's trump card. Primarily on a basis of having in his possession the following words, Arnold Johnson is behind prison bars as an enemy of society; "Therefore, it is perfectly clear that orderly progress can be achieved only by unlimited free speech. No man should ever be locked up for what he says,—even if he advocates overthrowing the government by violence, or advises the destruction of property. Let him spout any foolishness he likes. The time to lock him up is when he actually starts to do something. If someone who hears him takes his advice and starts something, lock them both up."

No effort was made to prove that Johnson had advocated the violent overthrow of government, nor even that he had circulated literature which advocated the use of violence for this purpose. Solely on the charge that he had in his possession the literature listed above, he is being held for the exorbitant bail of $10,000, half of which is appearance bail and half peace bail. Excessive bail is one of the weapons being used against the miners.

The domination of the region by the coal operators includes unwavering support from their hired men who are elected as sheriffs and judges. Thousands of men throughout Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and other coal regions are victims of even more flagrant miscarriages of justice than that of which Arnold Johnson is the victim. What do those persons who believe in justice and fairplay propose to do about it?

New York City, August 18 KIRBY PAGE

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Books and Films

Pattern of Summer

By FRANCES M. FROST

When dusk revolves about the horizoned earth
That runs to meet the steady
Onflow of stars, the forsythia sap that spiraled
Through naked branches now in a sudden heady
Shower of gold drips groundward.

The secret frail leaves breaking on the tree,
The new nest dark to the cool, inconstant wind,
Moved into summer as inevitably
As into night, and slowly left behind
The closed, tight buds, the clear, delirious bird
Capsized with love, who, hushed and voiceless now,
Broods in the sweet nest heavy on the bough.
And women turn

In the darkness toward their men, the growing child
Stirring within them . . . and those fires which woke
In the holy, furious Spring, now quieted,
Burn deep within the waiting breast receiving
The dark, desirèd head.

Postscript

The World of Light. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

The Cicadas, and other poems. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

WHEN I reviewed here two weeks ago "Music at Night," Mr. Aldous Huxley's volume of essays, I did not realize that within a few days there would arrive a play and a book of poems by the same author. The incident might give a false idea of Mr. Huxley's productivity, for the lag between composition and publication is not a uniform one, and "The Cicadas," at least, turns out to be merely the "trade" publication of a volume of poems issued two years ago by The Fountain Press in a limited edition under the title of "Arabia Infelix." In the new volume the poems are re-arranged—for the better, I think; for the present book opens with Theater of Varieties, a much more memorable and a much more Huxleyan poem than the rather conventional Arabia Infelix. Mr. Huxley can never be a poet of profound feeling; he writes too much merely with his mind; and though he can occasionally achieve a lovely image, the body of his verse, in sentiment as well as in technique, remains too close to the traditional. His strongest vein is either that of satire, as in the Theater of Varieties just referred to, or, as in The Cicadas, that of biologic and philosophic speculation.

"The World of Light," I believe, is Mr. Huxley's first play. He has approached his task in a humble and workmanlike manner. So far from attempting any technical innovations, he has tried to do everything that would gratify the ghost of the late William Archer, or even a theatrical manager. There are only eight characters; there is one scene throughout; the first act ends with a crucial decision, the second with a crisis, and the third with at least some untying of the knot. Hugo Wenham, fed up with trying to make Cambridge undergraduates understand Plato, and also because he wants to avoid marrying Enid Deckle, whom he merely likes, suddenly leaves with his friend Bill Hamblin for Guiana. They take an airplane with them, and Hugo's father receives a telegram that the plane has been found wrecked in Haiti. Then his father and Enid begin to receive messages, through a young medium, Hubert Capes, from Hugo's spirit. Guided by these messages, Hubert and Enid become physically as well as spiritually intimate; and Hugo's father writes a book on spiritualism that becomes highly successful. Unfortunately, however, Hugo and Bill have not been killed, and suddenly return in the midst of a seance. Hugo's problem then becomes that of all prior Enoch Ardens.

"The World of Light" is a less remarkable play than one would expect from its brilliant author; it cannot be compared with the best of his novels or short stories. But it is a highly competent play, and, what is always rare and refreshing in drama, it ventures intelligently and wittily into the realm of ideas. Perhaps later, when Mr. Huxley is more accustomed to the medium and less absorbed by the purely technical problems it involves, he will give us something that excels it. Meanwhile his versatile example, and his courage in trying his talents in so many directions—the novel, the short story, the essay, the travel book, the sociological study, and now the drama, can only cause one to lament once more the narrow specialization and unadventurousness of most of our own leading writers. For in his versatility Mr. Huxley is merely following the tradition already established by such British writers as Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and even minor authors like Eden Phillpotts. Here no such tradition exists. Our poets, Frost, Jeffers, Robinson, attend pretty strictly to their poetry; our novelists, Lewis, Faulkner, Willa Cather, Hemingway, keep to their fiction; our one important dramatist, O'Neill, never ventures outside of playwriting. More dangerously than in business and medicine, we have been developing in literature a habit of specialization. Its existence accounts at least partly for the fact that British literature is still richer than our own.

HENRY HAZLITT

When Sin Was Sin

Old Bowery Days. By Alvin F. Harlow. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

OF course the Bowery had its sylvan period. Mr. Harlow describes it, as he does the street's other phases. But it was not the bucolic period, when our hero was a country lane through Dutch farms, that made the Bowery famous, and Mr. Harlow's admirable chronicle does not reach its most vivid pages until the street becomes the roaring, riotous, flaming highway that it was between 1880 and 1900.

"The livest mile on the face of the earth," H. C. Bunner called it then. It was all of that. Probably it was the livest mile that ever has been on the face of the earth, and maybe the livest mile that ever will be. Every great metropolis has its Wall Street, its Broadway, its Fifth Avenue, its Park Avenue, but there never has been but one Bowery and—one reflects with a little melancholy—there never will be another. For the Bowery was in a peculiar way the creation of its age and its country. It was the urban florescence of a mighty continent in a day when the rest of it was largely one widespreading farm; it was the culmination of the immense vitality, exuberance, and joy of a pioneer nation that suddenly had found itself great; it was the melting pot at its highest temperature, at the moment of its greatest variety, color, and ebullition.

The Bowery was the meridian altitude of that "rugged

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individualism" which, with due disrespect to Mr. Hoover, has ever since been on the wane; which has been sinking inevitably to a horizon of mass control and organized uniformity in which men become sober and joyless in order that they may be more efficient.

The Bowery in its heyday was the street of scores of those remarkably individualistic persons in whom the last days of nineteenth-century America were so rich—of Steve Brodie and his famous song, "My Poil Is a Bowery Goil"; of Dry Dollar Sullivan, that lovable friend, exploiter, and corrupter of the poor, who characterized the members of the City Club, with their efforts at reform, as "silk hats and silk stockings with nothing in between"; of that superb ruffian Big Bill Devery, the "finest police chief New York ever had"; of Chuck Connors, the Mayor of Chinatown; of Eat-'em-up Jack McManus, the bouncer of Suicide Hall.

But the Bowery was not only the culmination of "rugged individualism" in America; it was also one of the last, most bizarre products of the gospel of good and evil, which in our day has been superseded by the religion of work. The psychologists have done more to lay the ghost of the Bowery than the City Club. The Bowery flourished in the day when sin was sin; when evil was something you could get your teeth into and enjoy. Now that we have learned that the only difference between good and evil is in the spelling, there is no kick in either. The Bowery knew how to sin lustily, joyously, believingly—in unflattering contrast to our tiresome night clubs and insipid gin parties. We are a generation of tired sinners as well as tired radicals. And if sin hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be made potent?

Perhaps our only hope is to enjoy it in retrospect, to relish it vicariously in such fascinating pages as those of Mr. Harlow. Read 'em . . . and laugh . . . and weep.

ARTHUR WARNER

The King Is Dead Long Live the King

The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea. By Boris Pilnyak. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

LIKE his great Russian predecessors, Pilnyak essays the true function of the poet. Not content with telling a simple tale, exposing a few superficial eccentricities, dissecting a few emotions, preserving a few lyrical moments, he attempts to weave a net which will catch in its meshes the startling new confession of life that is being made in Russia today. He is most like Dostoevski in his apparent formlessness within his carefully wrought form, in the confused and supposedly profound speeches of his characters, in his symbolism, in his way of seeing people as Dostoevski saw them, almost, one might add, of taking Dostoevski's very own people out of his Russia and putting them in Pilnyak's, the repulsive counter-revolutionary Skudrin being the blood brother of the elder Karamasov. But with these borrowings the resemblance ceases. Pilnyak wholly lacks Dostoevski's marvelous gift of poignancy, of making preposterously incredible people more real to us than our own friends, of conjuring up all the emotions and thoughts that have sustained and harassed man.

He tries magnificently, but the reader stumbles and totters along behind, never more than half implicated in his tale, for his book, like the great monolith at Kolomna that is to turn the Moscow river out of its course, destroying old towns and building up new, destroying old ways of life and creating new, is a "construction." Life is never really breathed into it. If Pilnyak had Dostoevski's talent for seeming real, it would not so much matter that his main story is as appalling in its implication as it is naive, and that the true symbolism, which Goethe, it will be remembered, described as arising "wherever the particular represents the general, not as dream and shadow, but as a living and instantaneous revelation of the inscrutable," is continually giving way to a childish trick symbolism by which counter-revolutionaries are represented as ugly, diseased, distorted, malicious, or wicked, and true Communists as angels of light. The numerous invocations to geology do not distract our attention from these essential weaknesses of the book as effectually as would a small dash of Dostoevski's magic.

The book's hero is the elderly Professor Pimen Sergeyevich Poletika who has designed the monolith, and whose wife Olga left him fourteen years ago to live with Lazlo. Arriving at the site of construction, he finds that Lazlo is now an engineer there, and that Lazlo's second wife Marya hanged herself the night before. For years Marya, Chief Engineer Sadykov's wife, had been Lazlo's mistress, although he devotedly loved his wife Olga. In permitting himself an emotional foray with a mistress, he is represented as doing only what most men in Russia do. Yet a month before the story begins, Sadykov accuses Lazlo of improper relations with Marya, saying that since he persists in the affair, Communist morality demands that he marry her. Sadly Lazlo agrees that he must leave the wife he has loved for fourteen years, abandon his child, and take his friend's wife away from him. Sadly he tries to conceal his sacrifice from Marya, who perceiving it, kills herself.

On the day of Professor Poletika's visit to the works, all the women, their spirits goaded by the many sexual outrages they themselves have had to endure in a camp where the men greatly outnumber the women, march as a protest to Marya's funeral, and then demand the boycotting of Lazlo by all good Communists. A Communist in Russia boycotted by all good Communists is done for, and Lazlo obligingly takes himself to that exact spot on the flooding meadows where a group of insane and wicked counter-revolutionaries have gathered to blow up the dam, and gives them a revolver with which, in an access of contrition, they kill themselves and him. Meantime the good Professor Poletika, who has "replaced eternity by cheerfulness and construction," retakes to his bosom his wife Olga, and the good engineer Sadykov confesses to Poletika's daughter, the charming Lyubov, that he loves her.

This conclusion gave me a horrid moment of supposing that the conduct of Sadykov toward Lazlo had been actuated more by the desire for Lyubov than by respect for "Communist morality." I even played momentarily with the idea that the whole book was an elaborate and rather clumsy satire on this greatest and probably noblest of all man's efforts to mold his own fate, an idea somewhat buttressed by the fact that Beethoven and Turgeniev are invariably used as synonyms for sentimental flabbiness, and Voltaire for an eighteenth century dancing master's ethos. But the approval of the millions of Russians who hail Pilnyak as a greater than Tolstoi effectually negates this idea, as does the dogged honesty of the book itself, which shows through all its elaborate machinery of wicked dealers in the antique and frustrated pre-revolution virgins and goatish engineers who would sell Christ for a handful of silver. But no, not Christ. Reading an old book about the saints, Poletika decided that it was "naive, decrepit and sad. Life will never go back to it. This river of the human spirit is dead. Christianity is done for," forgetting that already the new devotees file past the tomb of Lenin.

There are many ideas in this book, and there is almost no realistic depiction of character; there is much emotion, and little logic. But beside our pretty little confections on the one hand, and our childish playing with horror on the other, it is very much alive.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

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The Lowbrow's Encyclopedia

Man's Own Show: Civilization. By George Dorsey. Harper and Brothers. $5.

HAD the publishers not assured us that this book bears the final revisions of the late George Dorsey, there might have been some excuse for its sheer badness. Then its disorganization, its incoherence, its complete failure to live up to its pretensions to being a survey of civilization, might have been explained as the faults of a half-finished manuscript which is no more than a set of notes. But one remembers the author's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," which was a similar potpourri, with the same air of "I'm a lowbrow just like you." And one cannot blame the publishers (except for publishing it, which would be naive) for the bad humor and worse taste, the invincible ignorance displayed on every page of the present work. Certainly, the basis of "Man's Own Show," its grotesque burlesque of the historical method, is George Dorsey's.

Dorsey's idea of explaining anything about civilization is to carry it back to the monkeys. If he can find the rudiments of social organization among the primates, that somehow "explains" social organization. Or, another variation, he considers marriage and the family explained by pointing to its biological basis. The method results in such absurdities as this:

> "Marriage—by capture, purchase, or decree, or whether monogamous, polyandrous, or polygamous—is marriage; and may or may not be founded on love. Man by nature is a marrying animal and all marriages presuppose an urge called love—desire to possess a mate."

An explanation of marriage by the fact that man is a marrying animal, is like the famous definition of opium as a drug which produces sleep because of its dormitive virtues.

One cannot *explain* social organization, mating, art, or similar universal categories. Such explanations always lead to such idiocies as the above, or this one about art:

> Art is not so simple, for it is human life at its supremest moment of elation, at its acme of perfection. Man can live that kind of life because, I repeat, it is in his nature; he brought the aesthetic germ up with him in his ascent from the apes.

What it is the province of the student of civilization to explain is, for instance, not mating—he can take that for granted—but the historical *forms* it has taken: why capture at one time, purchase at another, decree at still another time, etc. That is the correct question for the anthropologist or sociologist to ask himself; for then he can correlate the economic modes of production with the social and cultural forms to describe the various social "wholes" in which the historical forms of mating appeared. Any attempt, such as Dorsey's, to explain an institution by its biological basis, simply reduces that institution to its basis, reduces sociology to biology: we are no longer talking about an institution but about a biological fact. So, for instance, Dorsey attempts to explain the family, and his argument that "the family" has always existed and always will is perfectly true, since what he means, at bottom, is that a man can have only one mother. In this sense, however, "the family" is an eternal institution of the animal and insect kingdoms. Dorsey, of course, identifies the biological "family" with the contemporary bourgeois family; and his assertion of its immutability will, no doubt, be a great comfort to his readers, coming as it does from a "scientist."

Such explanations of language, love, and religion, and "the first million years," Dorsey throws together as "Man's Natural Endowment." The second part of this 958-page book is given over to a poor rehash of some Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Christian history, concluding with three chapters on the sciences. Anyone who wishes to see how invincible ignorance can really be, should read these chapters. The only people Dorsey really feels to be scientists are inventors like Edison and laboratory experimenters "doing" something. The use of abstractions, fictions, and conceptual models, systematizing, deduction, mathematics, the rational aspect of science, Dorsey never came near understanding. Mathematics just wasn't a science for him, for he measured it by the most grotesquely "practical" criteria. He has this to say of Einstein: "The Babylonian year of 365 days is not exact science, but it will be more useful in helping Mr. Einstein to handle his problems of taxation and death than all the mathematical formulas. . . ." For philosophy he has even less respect. It's just pre-science, like religion. Logic is nonsense, for there are no laws of thought, and in the air of metaphysics he "can scarcely breathe." Here is a typical remark: "Plato's Republic is an intellectual achievement of the first order, but no Democratic ass or Republican elephant could live in it, much less a Jefferson or a Lincoln." Only "Science" is worth anything. "It alone permits man to accept his world as he finds it and to use his brain and hand to get as much out of it as he can." This science, without reasoning and hypothesis, without mathematics and system, is just what the man on the street thinks science is.

The third and concluding part, "What Shall We Do To Be Saved," is on a par with the rest. The remedy for the ills of our civilization is "education in honest thinking, backed up by honest living"—all done by "Science." This is a vicious and harmful book, a veritable encyclopedia for the confirmation of vulgar prejudices.

FELIX MORROW

Stresemann

Stresemann. By Antonina Vallentin-Luchaire. Translated by Eric Sutton. Foreword by Dr. Albert Einstein. Richard B. Smith. $4.

FRAU VALLENTIN-LUCHAIRE'S book is a remarkable piece of interpretative biography, notwithstanding that it verges at times dangerously near to hero worship. Its most striking formal feature is the sharp contrast which it draws between Stresemann's earlier and later life. Stresemann "never outgrew the emotional world of his youth" or the idealism which led him, born optimist that he was, to make "categorical moral demands on humanity." His attitude toward women was that of a prude, he excluded from his range of interest all women except his wife, and in domestic and social matters depended upon his wife for "the practical sense in which he was entirely lacking." His political rise owed a good deal to his oratory, which his colleagues in the Reichstag distrusted, but still more to his extraordinary ability to influence men, yet he did not quickly find his place, and a "deeply rooted mistrust . . . survived his convincing services to his country and did not disappear until his death."

It may be difficult for those who think of Stresemann mainly as an apostle of peace to realize that he began his political life "by enthusiastically supporting the fleet program," preached "the necessity of colonial development," and was "utterly convinced that the destiny of the German people and the stability of the German state could only be guaranteed by a demonstration of physical power." During the World War he swallowed all the official affirmations about German preparedness and efficiency, and was "utterly unprepared" for defeat and political revolution. Helfferich and Lord d'Abernon seem to have had much to do with changing his point of view, and his interview with Barthou in 1922 gave him for the first time a clear idea of rapprochement with France as the only

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wise course for Germany. The devious and heartrending course that had to be followed before the externals of reconciliation were reached is traced by Frau Vallentin-Luchaire with understanding, sympathy, and stylistic brilliance, and with a wealth of incident that brings a long list of political notables into the picture.

Germany was bankrupt when Stresemann became Chancellor, and his first task was to win the press and public opinion to an abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr. Soon came the revolt at Munich, and in rapid course the ministries of Marx and Luther, the Dawes plan for reparations, the conclusion of the Locarno treaties, and the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, of all of which Frau Vallentin-Luchaire gives a moving recital. Particularly interesting are her accounts of the efforts of Haguenin to aid a Franco-German rapprochement, the abrupt refusal of Poincaré to receive Stinnes unless the latter were officially accredited by Berlin, the famous interview between Stresemann and Briand at Thoiry, Stresemann's journey to Paris to sign the Kellogg pact and the interview at which Poincaré learned something of the inwardness of the Locarno undertakings, and the long struggle of Stresemann with incurable disease. If the net impression of the book is not to enhance respect for Stresemann's intellectual powers, it will nevertheless deepen regard for his high moral ideals, his immense emotional force, and his complete devotion, once the war had separated him from his past, to the cause of European peace.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The American Critic

Literary Criticism in America. By G. E. De Mille. The Dial Press. $3.50.

MR. DE MILLE'S book is very competent as far as it goes, but as it stands now, it is a tantalizing piece of work that leaves the reader neither here nor there. For one thing the bulk of the book is given over to retracing familiar ground: it is taken up with Lowell, Poe, Emerson, Henry James, Howells, Huneker and Sherman. The new matter is more restricted: a discussion of the early critics of the *North American Review,* a few pages on E. P. Whipple, an essay on Stedman (very revealing) and isolated paragraphs on various minor writers, together with a brief and very selective bibliography of some of the critics not discussed. This gets us a bit beyond the volume by Norman Foerster, Litt. D. (University of the South), but it is far from covering the whole field.

One thing that perhaps stopped Mr. De Mille from writing a comprehensive study in a difficult field is the fact that he has little patience with "seriousness." Commenting on James's declaration that a novelist should be in some sense a historian, he writes, "Such earnestness is, of course, most praiseworthy, yet it is perhaps a truer sanity that sees in the literary artist more than a little of the circus clown." A man who actually holds such an opinion is simply out of the running for any really balanced treatment of literary problems, and Mr. De Mille's essays lead one to believe that in putting that down in cold type he was, strangely, posing. His work at its best is very "serious" and if the reviewer should call his book "clowning" he would quite properly get angry.

Without being captious, it is possible to point out some inadequacies. In trying to steer a course between Norman Foerster's over-systematization of Lowell and the judgment that Lowell was entirely fragmentary and hence not a worthwhile critic, he gets pretty badly boggled and comes up unexpectedly with the conventional judgment that Lowell was the greatest American critic. In trying to show Howells's inadequacies as a critic (which he does very well) he fails to develop what is most important about Howells in this department: his influence on the development of American taste. In writing of Henry James, he falls into the usual error of insisting that James could not shake off Boston ideas in some particulars. James actually lived in New England less than ten years, broken into several periods. His ideas on morals were influenced, not primarily by New England associations, but by his father, which is indeed another matter. But in general Mr. De Mille is both accurate and full of sound judgment—in spite of his pose! He has fulfilled his intention of writing a "preliminary survey" very competently. But the field is still open for someone serious enough to get through a "comprehensive" study.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

A Neglected Poet

The Sonnets of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman. Edited with an Introductory Essay by Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WITTER BYNNER does not claim too much when he says in his very good introduction: "Tuckerman, in his sonnets, seems to me not only the peer of his great contemporaries, but the equal of his most important successors." And this volume, in which are presented three groups of Tuckerman's sonnets written between 1854 and 1872, is a real contribution to American letters. Why Frederick Goddard Tuckerman was forgotten when his contemporaries Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Poe were presented in every history of American literature and every classroom anthology is not difficult to understand. For many years two other American poets, Whitman and Emily Dickinson, were also lost to us. Like these two, Tuckerman is not in the traditional literary manner of his day. He did not, like Whittier, Longfellow, and the others—with the exception of Poe and, to a lesser extent, Emerson—take on the inherited craftsmanship of English letters or the inherited subject matter of English poetry; he spoke for himself and almost entirely to himself. His "Poems" were printed during his lifetime and were known to Tennyson, whom he visited; they were commended by Longfellow and Emerson, who chose for favorites, however, the more usual lyrics. Tuckerman's lyrics, with their flowery phraseology, their elaborate rhythms, are completely in accord with the tradition of his own day; his sonnets are not. Today his sonnets are very much alive; his lyrics will be allowed to die.

Mr. Bynner shows excellent critical judgment in his selection of the seventy-four sonnets presented in this volume; his is the credit for the rediscovery of this American poet. Mr. Louis How knew of the "Poems," but he did not publish them; Witter Bynner, after twenty years of critical consideration, has given Tuckerman to modern readers, who will understand and appreciate him.

Tuckerman's sonnets have to do with a deep personal grief, —the loss of his wife—with the first violent shock to the very foundations of his sensitive mind and with the slow rebuilding of his life through the twenty years that followed; they are introspective, analytical, concrete, and emotional. Tuckerman was a serious-minded man concerned always with his own relationship to the life he must live through, and this concern is the philosophical undercurrent of his thought. But better than this, he was a poet and had a poet's eye and sensibility. He saw the natural scene as it actually existed, not, as did some of his contemporaries, in romantic guise; he felt emotion in terms of *homely* experience, and here he is allied with Emily Dickinson; he groped toward truth which would be no false message to a people but a personal truth valuable to his own soul. He

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withdrew more and more into himself, and his sonnets grew more and more introspective and thoughtful—their form more original and abrupt. And always they had that swift certainty of image, that clarification of intense thought which is poetry. They are not, of course, all equally great sonnets, but in almost every one there is something which is convincing, which indicates that Tuckerman was indeed a poet of attainment, and that we should do well to list him with his contemporaries, and perhaps above them, although he wrote so little.

What other American of this day, save those two left for the twentieth century to discover, wrote lines like these:

> The breeze is sharp, the sky is hard and blue,
> Blue with white tails of cloud. On such a day,
> Upon a neck of sand o'erblown with spray,
> We stood in silence the great sea to view
> And marked the bathers at their shuddering play
> Run in and out with the succeeding wave,
> While from our footsteps broke the trembling turf.
> Again I hear the drenching of the wave;
> The rocks rise dim, with wall and weedy cave;
> Her voice is in mine ears, her answer yet:
> Again I see, above the froth and fret,
> The blue loft standing like eternity—
> And white feet flying from the surging surf
> And simmering suds of the sea!

or

> And yet tonight, when summer-daylight dies,
> I crossed the fields against the summer gust
> And with me, rising from my feet like dust,
> A crowd of flea-like grasshoppers, like flies
> Presaging dry and dry continuance; yet
> Where they prefigure change, all signals must
> Fail in the dry when they forebode the wet . . .
> I know not. All tonight seemed mystery:
> From the full fields that pressed so heavily,
> The burden of the blade, the waste of drouth,
> The twinkling of the smallest life that flits—
> To where, and all unconsciously, he sits:
> My little boy, symbolizing eternity,
> Like the god Brahma, with his toe in his mouth.

EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

The Misted Mirror. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Translated from the French with a Preface by R. H. Mottram. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Two Men in Me. By Henry Daniel-Rops. Translated from the French by Gil Meynier. Thomas S. Rockwell Company. $2.

The author of these two works of imaginative fiction, both treating of states of spiritual conflict within the ego, is a young man who has become identified with purely post-war literary movements in France. Before the publication of his first novel, "The Misted Mirror," (1928), which was runner-up for the Goncourt prize, he had achieved a considerable reputation as critic among the younger generation. "Two Men in Me" (1930), a volume with an eminently apt title which won the Gringoire prize, is a collection of four stories of that anomalous length which has in the past proved so adaptable to the needs of M. Daniel-Rops's spiritual forebears in French literature. Both the novel and the long short stories exhibit the same qualities of thought and form. In general the impression conveyed is of an author of genuine and original literary talent who has, as yet, in fiction, not quite arrived. But Book I of the novel is a single piece that rises to genius. In this study of an adolescent whose special problem as a lonely boy is complicated by the war for which he will soon be old enough to enlist, we have a single story worthy to stand beside the best of its kind. The rest of the novel—as the protagonist approaches the age of the author—grows increasingly less interesting and powerful. M. Daniel-Rops remains, however, at all times the literary artist. One recommends, without any reservation, both these fascinating books to the discriminating reader.

The Dream of Fair Women. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This is Henry Williamson's first novel, now entirely rewritten. It takes its place as the penultimate volume of his tetralogy "The Flax of Dream." Those who have read "The Beautiful Years," "Dandelion Days," and "The Pathway" will find here the same individual, the same poetic spirit, the same lover of nature in all her varied forms, the same twentieth century romanticist. The present volume like the others, however, is uneven in quality. When Williamson writes of Willie Maddison in his shack, living the life of a hermit, surrounded by birds and beasts he has picked up, absorbed in his creative work and his dreams; and, again, when he writes of the coming of Eve and the love that follows, we know we are in the presence of beauty expressed in superb prose. But the last two parts of the novel which are concerned with Willie's drawn out affair with Eve at a seaside resort, while moving and engrossing, lack real distinction. Perhaps one expects, by comparison with others, too much from one who has written some of the rarest prose passages of our day.

The Recovery of Myself. By Marian King. Yale University Press. $2.

"A Patient's Experience in a Hospital for Mental Illness" is the sub-title to this autobiographic fragment which carries an introduction by Dr. Adolf Meyer of The Johns Hopkins. The story is not in the least sensational. It is obviously sincere. The chief value of the volume lies in the insight—from the patient's viewpoint—it gives us into the practical application and the workings of modern psychotherapy in an advanced institution. The sceptic toward the new psychology, where generally applied in the realm of therapeutics, will not be disturbed by the success of the mild case which this book presents. He will be inclined to believe that it was chiefly pathological—the case of a healthy, athletic girl thrown out of her stride by a growing indulgence in the veronal habit. But the enthusiast will catch a glimpse of the workings of all the favored methods —the various "tests," the confessional, the whole symbolic formula—naively described by an intelligent young woman who entered the sanatorium a rebel and emerged a whole-hearted convert.

Biology in Human Affairs. Edited by Edward M. East. Whittlesey House. $3.50.

Wherever the authors of this book restrict themselves to informative description of biological facts they are interesting; at other times they are at best dull, at worst inane. The editor in the introductory chapter is pointlessly aggressive. He even finds several opportunities to make irrelevant comments on the "foolish ideas" of Soviet Russia. The reader may be prepared for 400 pages of tilting at windmills, but he is agreeably surprised to find that the chapters on psychology which follow are modest and direct. These are by far the best in the book, the chapter on Educational Psychology by Lewis M. Terman being especially excellent. One must sympathize with the difficulties of writing a book such as this. A writer who is asked to cover medicine, heredity, physiology, or zoology in ten or twenty pages must become either worthlessly superficial or hopelessly involved. The authors of these chapters have not

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succeeded in avoiding the two alternatives. More specific topics such as public health, food supply, and nutrition are handled more satisfactorily. It is surprising to read in a book the keynote of which is "ascertained truth" that "the United States has been, and is, an extraordinarily prosperous nation." This accomplishment is credited to a "small group of trained men of high intelligence, the men who deal masterfully with the problems of science, art, politics, and business." We are apparently to deduce that the less prosperous nations have not been so fortunate as to have among their citizens such samples of intelligent stock as bless our own country. It is hard also to understand why Dr. Fishbein, who is editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* should make such an unsupported statement as that "by the application of our modern knowledge of nutrition it may be possible to make men who are . . . better thinkers than man of today." Nor, so far as the reviewer knows is there any hormone obtained from testes that will "control diseases formerly considered fatal." The bibliography is inadequate.

A Farewell to India. By Edward Thompson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This is a novel of one man's spiritual struggles as they manifest themselves when he pits himself in his educational work against the many and complicated problems of contemporary India. Robert Alden is principal of a missionary college in provincial India. He has given the best years of his life to working for and with the natives. The breakdown in his health which comes at the end of the novel and necessitates his return to England coincides with his final conviction that India is on the verge of great change, that his own work is over and has probably been futile, that his generation and school of thought are out of it or soon will be, and that the seething conditions in India have got out of hand to an extent where he and those moderates who think with him, both Englishmen and Indians, are of no further use. These and other reflections he works out in long absorbing conversations with his friends, in an attempt to arrive at conclusions which more often than not evade him. The author knows India; whether he understands the contemporary trend himself, to judge from his protagonist, seems doubtful. This is a thoughtful book, and a finely written one.

Unemployment Insurance in Great Britain. By Mary Barnett Gilson. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. $5.

The second volume in Industrial Relations Counselors' important series of studies of unemployment insurance is Miss Gilson's encyclopedic work on the British system. Its four hundred pages of text and one hundred pages of appendices embody an enormous mass of information on the history and actual operation of this, the oldest and most comprehensive of modern schemes of unemployment insurance. Miss Gilson marshals her facts with great skill and fairness, and her whole study is marked by the fine scientific temper so necessary in the judgment of a complicated system whose operation is involved in clouds of contemporary controversy. If her conclusions are, on the whole, favorable to the insurance scheme, that result is due to no lack of consideration of all the criticisms, both justifiable and unjustifiable, that are urged against it, but to the weight of the vast mass of facts that she presents and to her constant awareness of the economic as well as the social conditions under which the insurance scheme operates. Her work is indispensable to students of unemployment insurance, and her summary of conditions arising out of British experience deserves the thoughtful attention of every person in any way responsible for the shaping of the present policy in the United States.

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Films

Emasculated Dreiser

IF there is anything tragic about the film version of "An American Tragedy" (Criterion), it is the pathetic spectacle of its producers trying to crash the gate of the artistic heaven with the yellow ticket of their profligate trade. I am no Saint Peter, but any person of moderate intelligence could have told these gentlemen that they were wasting their time in imagining that they could change the color of their ticket merely by protesting their fanatical concern for artistic virtue. Alas! this is about all they have done. They had not even the foresight to disguise their cheap finery and loud manners under some borrowed cloak of academic respectability. This alone, of course, would not have placed their creative effort on the level of achievement represented by Theodore Dreiser's penetrating novel, but it would at least have proved their earnest desire to rise to the auspicious occasion.

And the occasion was an auspicious one. Whatever else can be said of Dreiser's opus, it does throb with the pulse of full blooded reality, perhaps even a reality too raw for literary appraisement. An intelligent producer with enough imagination to translate life into cinematic terms would have dug into this mine of human material to unearth and mold into shape the elements that were most vital and meaningful. Not so the producers of "An American Tragedy." All they could see in the story was some paste-board romancing and the hackneyed dramatics of the court room. It is not even that they failed to note the social implications of the tragic murder, as the author has accused them of doing, that makes the film such a humdrum affair. More important is their utter failure to infuse some genuine life into the characters which are paraded before us in all the familiar trappings of Hollywood puppets. Even the much touted court room scene contributes little to relieve the flatness and pointlessness of the film. It leads nowhere, leaves the principal character as nebulous as in the preceding scenes, and only tries to make up for the absence of dramatic climax by a much too liberal display of court room histrionics.

A superior picture, if only by virtue of its two magnificent scenes of evangelistic mummery in a tabernacle, is "The Miracle Woman" (Mayfair). Here, at least, is some excellent and genuine material of life, striking in its unfamiliarity and effectively presented. The director of the film, Frank Capra, can be congratulated on the skilful handling of these scenes; and there is also merit in the story in so far as it attempts to expose the fakery that goes under the name of evangelism. Its romantic motif, however, leaves much to be desired. With all its adumbrations of a blind boy, formerly an aviator, falling in love with the evangelist, and of his rather theatrical penchant for revealing his mind through a ventriloquist dummy, it never succeeds in ringing true and convincing. Nor, it must be added, is Barbara Stanwyck quite successful in conveying the magnetic glamor of personality that contributes so much to the evangelist's power for swaying the multitude. A Nora Bayes would have given an impressive portrait of the character. But then she was hardly the person to fit into the scenes of soft-pedalled romanticism.

To discuss "Bought" (Hollywood) with Constance Bennett in the leading role would be to repeat my previous strictures. The only palliating thing to be said for the picture is that Miss Bennett, though as kittenish as ever, is a little more natural. Nothing need be said about the story.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Is there time "to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder and of political and economic revolution" now rising in many countries—and how can it be done?

This fateful question is asked in the recent startling address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University entitled ***"Progress and Poverty,"*** based on the great book by ***Henry George.*** A folder containing this notable address, abridged, and pointing the answer, will be sent free upon request.

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Spain Lets the Military Down

By I. M. LEVY

Madrid, August 6

WHEN, on May 5, the mild-mannered and scholarly Minister of War, Don Manuel Azaña, informed a reporter of the Madrid *'Sol'* that he hoped to be able to effect a saving of some 100,000,000 pesetas to the nation on its annual military expenditures, he was apparently far underestimating his own abilities. Within twenty days of this statement, he had promulgated a reform which promises, not only to divert a minimum of 200,000,000 pesetas a year into more constructive channels, but likewise, to minimize greatly the evils of compulsory service, and produce a vastly more mobile and efficient armed force.

Ever since the loss of her overseas dominions forced her to withdraw large numbers of officers and men from service abroad, Spain has been blessed with an army far out of proportion to her needs, and a commanding force far out of proportion to the needs of her army. The result has been an incredible corruption of the high command, an assumption of arrogance, and even of lawlessness, on the part of the officer class which has incessantly menaced the stability of civil institutions, and the complete devitalization of the rank and file. With the ridiculously small proportion of ten soldiers to every commissioned officer, it was found necessary to create innumerable sinecures to care for the surplus of the latter. With more individuals seeking promotion than there were promotions to be made, competition became intense, leading to the wholesale purchase of rank, either in terms of cash, or in terms of "service" to superiors. With little to do, and ample time in which to do it, the energies of the officials were diverted into the sphere of politics, and into meddling with the affairs of the nation in general. A direct product of this extracurricular activity was the elaborate espionage system recently unearthed by the present incumbent, in which every officer of the army was classified according to his political leanings. The records of these activities have ostensibly been destroyed. With almost 490 millions of pesetas, out of a total appropriation for 1931 of 651 millions, being expended on salaries for officers (pay for the ranks is negligible, amounting to five cents per day per capita, at par value), a mere 161 millions was left for equipment, resulting in cavalry troops sans horses, artillery minus guns, and infantry without the means of loading their rifles. Azaña declares that, at the present moment, there is insufficient material in the entire army to outfit a single division properly, while huge sums are being spent yearly in the maintenance of garrisons which outlived their usefulness with the expulsion of the Moors. In accordance with universal practice, the burden of supporting this massive and utterly inefficient organization was laid directly upon an already sufficiently hard-pressed people, and the system was rendered all the more odious by the bitter realization of the little which it had produced in the past.

Azaña, to curb the tendency of the military to meddle in the affairs of civil government, and to trim down the number of officials to the point where the tail may be carried by the dog, has offered passage to the reserve, on full pay, to the 258 officials of the high command, and full retirement, on a similar basis, to the 21,996 minor commissioned officers not otherwise eligible for early retirement. The decree authorizing this step, dated April 25, while worded in a somewhat diplomatic manner, carries with it a hint of less agreeable measures to be taken should it fail in its purpose. Diplomacy in its wording was desirable, for military coups have been known to have been attempted before in Spain, under the direction of some disgruntled warrior. But, for the first time, the civil government has been able to do more than merely "suggest" to the army, for so long a law unto itself. The ranks have become conscious of their nationalism. They no longer constitute "the army of the Crown," but "the army of the nation," and Madrid, sensing a greater confidence in them, has, in consequence, experienced a feeling of greater confidence in itself. These vaguely threatened measures, however, will not have to be taken. The latest official figures place the number of generals who have voluntarily placed themselves on the inactive list as 220, and the number of lesser commissioned officers who have followed suit as 15,967.

In addition, the examinations for entrance into the Academia General Militar, the Spanish equivalent of West Point, have been suspended, thus curtailing the further influx of young officers into the army. Obviously, since every individual who has taken advantage of the retirement offered by the reform will draw full pay for life, the economic saving will not be felt for many years to come. But the effect upon the nation in general has been astounding. A feeling of confidence has been engendered in the government which might otherwise not have been acquired for years. The Spaniard, through long and intimate contact with his legislative bodies, has developed a cynicism and suspicion with regard to them that even a government of his own creation could not altogether counteract. But the attempt of the provisional government to "put the army in its place," has won his whole-hearted admiration and support.

Nevertheless, the reform of May 25, affecting the physical composition of the main body of the army, is of even greater importance to the nation, for in this lies the much desired saving of man power and money to the nation. In place of the former sixteen unwieldy and loosely organized divisions, some of them of less than skeleton strength, although listed as of full fighting efficiency, there will be organized eight, far more compact, and far more efficient. It is in the elimination of fifty-three regiments, with the outposts which they garrisoned, and the repeated use of the same materials by succeeding groups of recruits, that the 200,000,000 pesetas is to be saved. It is in the shortening of the term of required service from two years to one, with a reduction of the numbers involved, that the saving of man power is to be achieved. The 223,000 non-commissioned officers and men who formed the army of the Crown, have

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now been reduced to 103,349 in the service of the Republic.

The working classes stand firmly behind the proposed changes, for the army has always been disliked by them. It was the symbol of tyranny and oppression to them, the defense of an overbearing and unpopular government. It was something which they had to maintain, albeit under protest. And it was an unpleasant experience through which every able-bodied male member of them had to pass. The fracas of 1921 in the Moroccos crystallized what had formerly been merely dislike into an intense and burning hatred, for the 20,000 men who died in Africa, as a result of Abd-el-Krim's attack, were recruits from the lower classes almost in entirety. But there still exist in Spain a large number who dream of a time when Spain will take her rightful place among the great powers of the world, and who view any abbreviation of the military and naval forces with suspicion and alarm. But these, fortunately, constitute too small a minority to exert any appreciable influence in opposition to the changes. The vast majority of the Spanish, kindly and peace-loving, would exchange all the expensive and, to them, useless outlying territories for a few more school buildings in Aragon, and the proposal to spend perhaps the entire 200,000,000 in eliminating the widespread illiteracy which has held Spain back for centuries, has been met with keen enthusiasm. But even among those who stand behind the reforms with heart and hand, there is a certain scepticism, a certain "wait and see" attitude. Prolonged familiarity with the promises of his governments in the past has led the Spaniard to restrain his exuberance for anything which is no more substantial than the paper upon which it appears. Nevertheless, Azaña is perhaps the one man in the provisional government who does what he promises to do, and the rapidity with which results have been produced seems to bear out this assertion.

Einstein's Peace Appeal

The following letter from Professor Albert Einstein was addressed to the Conference of the War Resisters' International which met at Lyons from August 1 to August 4:

I address myself to you, the delegates of the War Resisters' International, meeting in conference at Lyons, because you represent the movement most certain to end war. If you act wisely and courageously, you can become the most effective body of men and women in the greatest of all human endeavors. Those you represent in fifty-six countries have a potential power far mightier than the sword.

All the nations of the world are talking about disarmament. You must lead them to do more than talk. The people must take this matter out of the hands of statesmen and diplomats. They must grip it in their own hands. Those who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face today a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism which brought the disaster of the Great War.

This is the achievement of governments. But among the peoples the idea of war resistance spreads. You must challengingly and fearlessly extend this idea. You must lead the people to take disarmament into their own hands and to declare that they will take no part or lot in war or in the preparation of war. You must call upon the workers of all countries unitedly to refuse to become the tool of death-dealing interests. There are young men in twelve countries who are resisting conscription by refusal to do military service. They are the pioneers of a warless world. Every sincere friend of peace must support them and help to arouse the moral conviction of the world against conscription.

I appeal especially to the intellectuals of the world. I appeal to my fellow-scientists to refuse to cooperate in research for war purposes. I appeal to the preachers to seek truth and renounce national prejudices. I appeal to the men of letters to declare themselves unequivocally. I ask every newspaper which prides itself on supporting peace to encourage the peoples to refuse war service. I ask editors to challenge men of eminence and of influence by asking them bluntly: "Where do you stand? Must you wait for everyone else to disarm before you put down your weapons and hold out the hand of friendship?"

This is no time for temporizing. You are either for war or against war. If you are for war, you must encourage science, finance, industry, religion, and labor to exert their power to make your national armaments as efficient and deadly as they can be made. If you are against war, you must encourage them to resist it to the uttermost. I ask everyone who reads these words to make this great and definite decision.

Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow, the inestimable right of a world in which the barbarity of war has been for ever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare before the World Disarmament Conference meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation of war. I ask them to tell their governments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so.

I shall expect to have thousands of responses to this appeal. They should be addressed to me at the headquarters of the War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England. To enable this great effort to be carried through effectively, I have authorized the establishment of the "Einstein War Resisters' International Fund." Contributions to this fund should be sent to the treasurer of the W. R. I., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

Contributors to This Issue

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